# The troublesome

raigne and lamentable death of
Edward the second, King of
*England: with the tragicall*
fall of proud *Mortimer.*

And also the life and death of *Peirs Gaueston,*
*the great Earle of* Cornewall, *and mighty*
fauorite of King *Edward* the second, as it
*was publiquely acted by the right honorable*
*the Earle of Pembroke his*
*seruants.*

*VVritten by* Christopher Marlow Gent.

Printed at London for Roger Barnes, and are to
be sould at his shop in Chancerie Lane
against the Rolles. 161[illegible]

Printed at London for Roger Barnes, and are to be sould at his shop in Chauncerie Lane ouer against the Rolles. 1612.

*Enter* Gaueſtone *reading on a letter that was brought him from the king.*

MY father is deceaſt, come *Gaueſton*, (freind.
And ſhare the kingdome with thy deereſt
Ah words that make me ſurfet with delight,
What greater bliſſe can hap to *Gaueſton*,
Then liue and be the fauorite of a King?
Sweete prince I come: Theſe theſe, thy amorous lines
Might haue enforſt me to haue ſwum from France,
And like *Leander* gaſpt vpon the ſande,
So thou wouldſt ſmile and take me in thine armes.
The ſight of London to my exiled eies,
Is as Elizium to a newe come ſoule,
Not that I loue the Citie or the men,
But that it harbours him I hold ſo deere,
The king, vpon whoſe boſome let me die,
And with the world be ſtill at enmitie:
What neede the Articke people loue ſtar-light,
To whome the ſunne ſhines both by day and night.
Farewell baſe ſtooping to the Lordly Peeres,
My knee ſhall bowe to none but to the King,
As for the multitude that are but ſparkes
Rakt vp in embers, of their popularitie,
*Tanti*: Ile fanne firſt on the winde,
That glaunceth at my lips and fleeth away:
But how now, what are these?

*Enter three poore men.*

*Poore men.* Such as deſire your worſhips ſeruice.

*Gaueſt.* What canſt thou doe?

1. *Poore.* I can ride.

*Gaueſt.* But I haue no horſe. What art thou?

2. *Poore.* A Traueller.

*Gaueſt.* Let me ſee, thou wouldſt doe well
To waite at my trencher, and tell me lies at dinner time,

And as I like your discoursing, ile haue you.
And what art thou?

3. *Poore.* A souldier, that hath seru'd against the Scot.

*Gaue.* Why, there are hospitals for such as you,
I haue no warre, and therefore Sir be gone.

*Sold.* Farewell, and perish by a souldiers hand,
That would'st reward them with an hospitall.

*Gau.* I, I, these words of his moue me as much
As if a Goose should play the Porcupine
And dart her plumes, thinking to pierce my breast,
But yet it is no paine to speake men faire,
Ile flatter these, and make them liue in hope:
You know that I came lately out of France,
And yet I haue not viewd my Lord the King,
If I speede well, ile entertaine you all.

*Omnes.* We thanke your worship.

*Gau.* I haue some busines, leaue me to my selfe.

*Omnes.* We will waite heere about the court. *Exeunt.*

*Gau.* Do: these are not men for me,
I must haue wanton Poets, Pleasant wits,
Musitians, that with touching of a string
May draw the pliant King which way I please:
Musicke and Poetry is his delight,
Therefore ile haue Italian maskes by night,
Sweete speeches, comedies, and pleasing showes,
And in the day when he shall walke abroad,
Like *Siluian* Nimphes my pages shall be clad,
My men like Satyres grazing on the lawnes
Shall with their Goate-feete daunce the Anticke hay,
Sometime a louely boy in *Dians* shape,
With haire that gilds the water as it glides,
Crownets of pearle about his naked armes,
And in his sportfull hands an Oliue tree,
To hide those parts which men delight to see,
Shall bathe him in a spring, and there hard by,
One like *Actæon* peeping through the groue,
Shall by the angry goddesse be transformde,
And running in the likenesse of an Hart,
By yelping hounds pulld downe, and seeme to die,

Such things as these best please his Maiesty,
My Lord, here comes the King and the Nobles
From the parlament, ile stand aside.

*Enter the King, Lancaster, Mortimer senior, Mortimer Iunior, Edmond Earle of Kent, Guie Earle of Warwicke, &c.*

*Edward.* Lancaster.
*Lancast.* My Lord.
*Gauest.* That Earle of Lancaster do I abhorre.
*Edw.* Will you not graunt me this? in spite of them
Ile haue my will, and these two *Mortimers*
That crosse me thus, shall know I am displeas'd.
*Mor. se.* If you loue vs my Lord, hate *Gauestone.*
*Gauest.* That villaine *Mortimer* ile be his death.
*Mor. in.* Mine vncle heere, this Earle, and I my selfe
Were sworne to your father at his death,
That he should neere returne into the realme:
And know my Lord, ere I will breake my oath,
This sworde of mine that should offend your foes,
Shall sleepe within the scaberd at thy neede,
And vndernearh thy banners march who will,
For *Mortimer* will hang his armor vp.
*Gauest. Mort. dieu.*
*Edw.* Well *Mortimer*, ile make thee rue these words.
Beseemes it thee to contradict thy King?
Frounst thou thereat aspiring Lancaster,
The sworde shall plaine the sorrowes of thy browes,
And hew these knees that now are growne so stiffe,
I will haue *Gauestone*, and you shall know,
What danger tis to stand against your King.
*Gauest.* Well doone, *Ned.*
*Lan.* My Lord, why do you thus incense your Peeres,
That naturally would loue and honour you,
But for that base and obscure *Gaueston*,
Foure Earldomes haue I besides Lancaster,
Darbie, Salisbury, Lincolne, Leicester,
These will I sell to giue my souldiers pay,
Ere *Gaueston* shall stay within the realme,
Therefore if he be come, expell him straight.

*Edm.* Barons and Earles, your pride hath made me mute,
But now Ile speake, and to the proofe I hope:
I do remember in my fathers dayes,
Lord *Peircy* of the North being highly mou'd,
Brau'd *Moubray* in presence of the king,
For which had not his highnes lou'd him well,
He should haue lost his head, but with his looke,
The vndaunted spirit of *Peircie* was appeas'd,
And *Moubray* and he were reconcilde:
Yet dare you braue the king vnto his face.
Brother reuenge it, and let these their heads,
Preach vpon poles for trespasse of their tongues.
*Warwicke.* O our heads.
*Edw.* I yours, and therefore I would wish you graunt.
*Warw.* Bridle thy anger gentle *Mortimer*,
*Mor. iu.* I cannot, nor I will not, I must speake,
Cosin, our hands I hope shall fence our heads,
And strike off his that makes you threaten vs:
Come vncle let vs leaue the brainsicke King,
And henceforth parlie with our naked swords.
*Mor. se.* Wiltshire hath men enough to saue our heads,
*Warw.* All Warwickshire will loue him for my sake.
*Lanc.* And Northward *Gaueston* hath many friends.
Adew my Lord, and either change your minde,
Or looke to see the Throne where you should sit
To floate in bloud, and at thy wanton head,
The glosing head of thy base minion throne.
*Exeunt nobels.*
*Edw.* I cannot brooke these hautie menaces:
Am I a king and must be ouer rulde?
Brother display my ensignes in the fielde,
Ile bandie with the Barons and the Earles,
And either die or liue with *Gaueston.*
*Gaue.* I can no longer keepe me from my lord.
*Edw.* What *Gaueston*, welcome, kis not my hand,
Embrace me *Gaueston* as I do thee:
Why shouldst thou kneele, knowest thou not who I am?
Thy freind, thy selfe, another *Gaueston*,

Not *Hilas* was more mourned for, of *Hercules*,
Then thou hast beene of me since thy exile.
*Gau.* And since I went from hence, no soule in hell
Hath felt more torment then poore *Gaueston*.
*Edw.* I know it, brother welcome home my friend,
Now let the treacherous *Mortimers* conspire,
And that high minded Earle of *Lancaster*,
I haue my wish, in that I ioy thy sight,
And sooner shall the sea ouerwhelme my land,
Then beare the ship that shall transport thee hence:
I heere create thee Lord high Chamberlaine,
Cheefe Secretary to the State and me,
Earle of Cornewall, king and lord of Man.
*Gaueſt.* My lord, these titles farre exceede my worth.
*Kent.* Brother the least of these may well suffice
For one of greater birth then *Gaueston*.
*Edw.* Cease brother, For I cannot brooke these words:
Thy worth sweet friend is farre aboue my gifts,
Therefore to equal it, receiue my heart,
If for these dignities thou be enuied,
Ile giue thee more, for but to honour thee,
Is *Edward* pleazd with kingly regiment,
Fearst thou thy person? thou shalt haue a guard:
Wants thou Gold? go to my treasurie.
Wouldst thou be lou'de and feard? receiue my seale,
Saue or condemne, and in our name commaunde,
What so thy minde affects or fancie likes.
*Gaue.* It shall suffice me to enioy your loue,
Which whiles I haue, I thinke my selfe as great
As *Cæsar* riding in the Romaine streete,
With Captiue kings at his tryumphant Carre.

*Enter the Bishop of Couentrie.*

*Edw.* Whether goes my Lord of Couentrie so fast,
*Bish.* To celebrate your fathers exequies,
But is that wicked *Gaueston* returnd?
*Edw.* I peiest, and liues to be reuengd on thee,
That wert the onely cause of his exile.
*Gaue.* Tis true, and but for reuerence of these robes,
Thou shouldst not plod one foote beyond this place.

*Bish.* I did no more then then I was bound to do,
And *Gaueston* vnlesse thou be reclaimd,
As then I did incense the parliament,
So will I now, and thou shalt backe to France.

*Gaue.* Sauing your reuerence, you must pardon me.

*Edw.* Throwe of his Golden miter, rend his stole,
And in the channell christen him anew.

*Kent.* Ah brother, lay not violent hands on him,
For heele complaine vnto the sea of Rome.

*Gaue.* Let him complaine vnto the sea of hell,
Ile be reuengd on him for my exile.

*Edw.* No, spare his life, but seaze vpon his goods,
Be thou Lord Bishop, and receiue his rents,
And make him serue thee as thy chaplaine,
I giue him thee: Heere vse him as thou wilt.

*Gaue.* He shall to prison, and there die in boults.

*Edw.* I, to the tower, the fleete, or where thou wilt.

*Bish.* For this offence be thou accurst of God.

*Edw.* Whose there? conuey this priest to the tower.

*Bish.* True, true.

*Edw.* But in the meane time *Gaueston* away,
And take possession of his house & goods:
Come follow me, and thou shalt haue my guard
To see it done, and bring thee safe againe.

*Gaue.* What should a Priest do with so faire a house?
A prison may best beseeme his holinesse.

*Enter both the Mortimers, Warwicke, and Lancaster.*

*War.* Tis true, the Bishop is in the Tower,
And goods and body giuen to *Gaueston.*

*Lan.* What? will they tirannyze vpon the Church?
Ah wicked King, accursed *Gaueston,*
This ground which is corrupted with their steps,
Shall be their timelesse sepulcher, or mine.

*Mor. iu.* Wel, let that peeuish Frenchman gaurd him sure
Vnlesse his brest be sword proofe he shall die.

*Mor. se.* How now, why droopes the Earle of Lancaster?

*Mor. iu.* Wherefore is *Guy* of Warwicke discontent?

*Lan.* That villaine *Gaueston* is made an Earle,

*Mort. sen.* An Earle!

*War.* I, and besides Lord Chamberlaine of the realme,
And secritarie too, and Lord of Man.

*Mor, se.* We may not, nor we will not suffer this,

*Mor. in.* Why post we not from hence to leauie men?

*Lan.* My Lord of Cornewall, now at euery word,
And happy is the man, whom he vouchsafes
For vailing of his bonnet one good looke,
Thus arme in arme, the King and he doth march:
Nay more, the guarde vpon his Lordship waites:
And all the court begins to flatter him.

*War.* Thus leaning on the shoulder of the King,
He nods, and scornes, and smiles at those that passe.

*Mor. se.* Doth no man take exceptions at the slaue?

*Lan.* All stomacke him, but none dare speake a word.

*Mor. in.* Ah that bewraies their basenes Lancaster,
Were all the Earles and Barons of my minde,
Weele hale him from the bosome of the King,
And at the court gate hang the pesant vp,
Who swolne with venome of ambitious pride,
Will be the ruine of the realme and vs.

*Enter the Bishop of Canterburie.*

*War.* Heere comes my Lord of Canterburies grace.

*Lan.* His countenance bewraies he is displeasde,

*Bish.* First were his sacred garments rent and torne,
Then laide they violent hands vpon him next,
Himselfe imprisoned, and his goods asceasd,
This certifie the Pope, away take horse.

*Lan.* My Lord, will you take armes against the King?

*Bish.* What neede I, God himselfe is vp in armes,
When violence is offered to the Church.

*Mor in.* Then will you ioyne with vs that be his Peeres
To banish or behead that *Ganeston.*

*Bish.* What else my Lordes, for it concernes me nere,
The Bishoppricke of *Conentrie* is his.

*Enter the Queene.*

*Mor. in.* Madam, whether walks your maiestie so fast?

*Que.* Vnto the forrest gentle *Mortimer,*
To liue in griefe and balefull discontent,

For now my Lord the king regardes me not,
But dotes vpon the loue of *Gaueſton*,
He claps his cheekes, and hanges about his necke,
Smiles in his face, and whiſpers in his eares,
And when I come, he frownes, as who ſhould ſay,
Go whether thou wilt ſeeing I haue *Gaueſton*.

*Mor. ſe.* Is it not ſtrange, that he is thus bewitcht?

*Mor. in.* Madam, returne vnto the court againe:
That ſlie inueigling Frenchman weele exile,
Or loſe our liues: and yet ere that day come,
The king ſhall loſe his crowne, for we haue power,
And courage too, to be reuengde at full.

*Biſh.* But yet lift not your ſwords againſt the king.

*Lan.* No, but weele lift *Gaueſton* from hence.

*War.* And warre muſt be the meanes, or heele ſtay ſtill

*Que.* Then let him ſtay, for rather then my Lord
Shall be oppreſt with ciuill munities,
I will endure a melancholy life,
And let him frollicke with his minion.

*Biſh.* My Lordes, to eaſe all this, but heare me ſpeake,
We and the reſt that are his counſellers,
Will meete, and with a generall conſent,
Confirme his banniſhment with our hands and ſeales,

*Lan.* What we confirme the King will fruſtrate.

*Mor. in.* Then may we lawfully reuolt from him.

*War.* But ſay my Lord, where ſhall this meeting bee?

*Biſh.* At the newe Temple.

*Mor. in.* Content:

*Biſh.* And in the meane time ile intreat you all,
To croſſe to Lamberth, and there ſtay with me.

*Lan.* Come then lets away.

*Mor. in.* Madam farewell.

*Que.* Farewell ſweete *Mortimer*, and for my ſake,
Forbeare to leuie armes againſt the King.

*Mor. in.* I, if wordes will ſerue, if not, I muſt.

*Enter* Gaueſton *and the earle of Kent.*

*Gaue.* Edmond the mightie Prince of Lancaſter,
That hath more earledomes then an aſſe can beare,
And both the *Mortimers* two goodly men,

With *Guie* of Warwick that redoubted knight,
Are gone towards Lambeth, there let them remaine.
*Enter Nobles,* *Exeunt.*

*Lan.* Here is the forme of *Gaueſtons* exile:
May it pleaſe your Lordſhip to ſubſcribe your name.

*Biſh.* Giue me the paper.

*Lan.* Quicke quicke my Lord,
I long to write my name.

*War.* But I long more to ſee him baniſht hence.

*Mor. iu.* The name of *Mortimer* ſhall fright the king,
Vnleſſe he be declinde from that baſe peſant.

*Enter the King and* Gaueſton.

*Edw.* What? are you mou'd that *Gaueſton* ſits heere?
It is our pleaſure, we will haue it ſo.

*Lan.* Your grace doth well to place him by your ſide,
For no where elſe the newe earle is ſo ſafe.

*Mor. ſe.* What man of noble birth can brooke this ſight?
*Quam male conueniunt:*
See what a ſcornfull looke the peſant caſts.

*Penb.* Can kingly Lions fawne on creeping Ants?

*War.* Ignoble vaſſaile that like *Phaeton,*
Aſpir'ſt vnto the guidance of the ſunne.

*Mor. iu.* Their downfall is at hand, their forces downe,
We will not thus be faced and ouerpeerd.

*Edw.* Lay hands on that traitour *Mortimer.*

*Mor. ſe.* Lay hands on that traitor *Gaueſton.*

*Kent.* Is this the dutie that you owe your king?

*War.* We know our duties, let him know his peeres.

*Edw.* Whether will you beare him, ſtay or ye ſhall die,

*Mor. ſe.* We are no traitors, therefore threaten not.

*Gau.* No, threaten not my Lord, but pay them home,
Were I a king.

*Mor. iu.* Thou villaine, wherefore talkes thou of a king,
That hardly art a gentleman by birth?

*Edw.* Were he a peſant, being my minion,
Ile make the proudeſt of you ſtoupe to him.

*Lan.* My Lord you may not thus diſparage vs.
Away I ſay with hatefull *Gaueſton.*

*Mor. ſe.* And with the earle of *Kent* that fauours him.

*Edw.* Nay, then lay violent hands vpon your King,
Here *Mortimer*, sit thou in *Edwards* throne,
*Warwicke* and *Lancaster*, weare you my crowne,
Was euer King thus ouer rulde as I?
*Lan.* Learne then to rule vs better and the realme.
*Mor iu.* What we haue done,
our heart blood shall maintaine.
*War.* Thinke you that we can brooke this vpstart pride?
*Edw.* Anger and wrathfull furie stops my speech.
*Bish.* Why are you mou'd be patient my Lord,
And see what we your Councellers haue done.
*Mor. iu.* My Lordes, now let vs all be resolute,
And eyther haue our wils, or loose our liues.
*Edw.* Meete you for this, proud ouerdaring peeres,
Ere my sweete *Gaueston* shall part from me,
This ile shall fleete vpon the Ocean,
And wander to the vnfrequented Inde.
*Bish.* You know that I am legate to the Pope,
On your allegance to the sea of Rome,
Subscribe as we haue done to his exile:
*Mor. iu.* Curse him, if he refuse, and then may we
Depose him and elect an other King.
*Edw.* I there it goes, but yet I will not yeeld,
Curse me, depose me, doe the worst you can.
*Lan.* Then linger not my Lord but do it straight.
*Bish.* Remember how the Bishop was abusde,
Either banish him that was the cause thereof,
Or I will presently discharge these Lords,
Of duety and alleageance due to thee.
*Edw.* It bootes me not to threat, I must speake faire,
The Legate of the Pope will be obaid:
My Lord, ye shalbe Chauncellor of the Realme,
Thou Lancaster, high admirall of our fleete,
Yong *Mortimer* and his vncle shalbe Earles,
And you Lord Warwick, president of the North,
And thou of Wales, if this content you not,
Make seuerall kingdomes of this Monarchy,
And share it equally amongst you all,
So I may haue some nooke or corner left,

To frolike with my deerest *Gaueston*.
*Bish.* Nothing shall alter vs, we are resolu'd,
*Lan.* Come come, subscribe.
*Mor. iu.* Why should you loue him,
whome the world hates so?
*Edw.* Because he loues me more then all the world:
Ah none but rude and sauage minded men,
Would seeke the ruine of my *Gaueston*,
You that are noble borne should pittie him.
*War.* You that are Princely borne should shake him off.
For shame subscribe, and let the lowne depart.
*Mor se.* Vrge him my Lord.
*Bish.* Are you content to banish him the realme?
*Edw.* I see I must, and therefore am content,
In steede of Inke, ile write it with my teares.
*Mor. iu.* The King is loue-sicke for his minion.
*Edw.* Tis done, and now accursed hand fall off.
*Lan.* Giue it me, ile haue it published in the streetes,
*Mor. iu.* Ile see him presently dispatched away.
*Bish.* Now is my heart at ease.
*War.* And so is mine.
*Penb.* This will be good newes to the common sort.
*Mor. se.* Be it or no, he shall not linger here.
*Exeunt Nobles.*
*Edw.* How fast they run to banish him I loue,
They would not stir, were it to do me good.
Why should a King be subiect to a priest?
Proud Rome, that hatchest such imperiall groomes,
For these thy superstious taperlights,
Wherewith thy Antichristian Churches blaze,
Ile fire thy crazed buildings, and enforce
The papall towers, to kisse the lowlye ground,
With slaughtred priests make Tybers channell swell,
And bankes raisd higher with their sepulchers:
As for the Peeres that backe the Clergie thus,
If I be King, not one of them shall liue.
*Enter Gaueston.*
*Gaue.* My Lord I heare it whispered euery where,
That I am banish'd, and must fly the land.

*Edw.* Tis true ſweete *Ganeſton*, oh were it were it falſe,
The Legate of the Pope will haue it ſo,
And thou muſt hence, or I ſhall be depoſ'd,
But I will raigne to be reueng'd of them,
And therefore ſweete friend, take it patiently.
Liue where thou wilt, ile ſend thee gold enough,
And long thou ſhalt not ſtay, or if thou dooſt,
Ile come to thee, my loue ſhall neare decline.
*Gaue.* Is all my hope turnd to this hell of greefe.
*Edw.* Rend not my heart with thy too peircing words,
Thou from this land, I from my ſelfe am baniſht.
*Gaue.* To go from hence, greues not poore *Ganeſton*,
But to forſake you, in whoſe gratious lookes,
The bleſſednes of *Ganeſton* remaines,
For no where elſe ſeekes he felicitie.
*Edw.* And onely this torments my wretched ſoule,
That whether I will or no thou muſt depart:
Be gouernour of Ireland in my ſtead,
And there abide till fortune call thee home.
Here take my picture, and let me weare thine,
O might I keepe thee heere, as I do this,
Happie were I, but now moſt miſerable.
*Gaue.* Tis ſomething to be pitied of a King.
*Edw.* Thou ſhalt not hence, Ile hide thee *Ganeſton*.
*Gau.* I ſhall be found, and then twill greeue me more.
*Edw.* Kinde words and mutuall talke, makes our greefe greater.
Therefore wirh dum imbracement let vs part,
Stay *Ganeſton* I cannot leaue thee thus.
*Gaue.* For euery looke, my Lord drops downe a teare,
Seeing I muſt go, do not renew my ſorrow.
*Edw.* The time is like that thou muſt go ſtay,
And therefore giue me leaue to looke my fill,
But come ſweet friend, ile bear thee on thy way.
*Gaue.* The Peeres will frowne.
*Edw.* I paſſe not for their anger, come lets go,
O that we might as well return as go.

*Enter Queene Iſabell.*

*Qu.* Whether goes my Lord,
That I am baniſh'd, and

*Edw.* Fawne not on me French strumpet, get thee gone,
*Qu.* On whom but on my husband should I fawne?
*Gaue.* On *Mortimer*, with whom vngentle Queene,
I say no more, iudge you the rest my Lord,
*Qu.* In saying this, thou wrongst me *Gauestone*,
Ist not enough, that thou corrupts my Lord,
And art a bawd to his affections,
But thou must call mine honour thus in question?
*Gau.* I meane not so, your grace must pardon me.
*Edw.* Thou art too familiar with that *Mortimer*,
And by thy meanes is *Gauestone* exilde,
But I would wish thee reconcile the Lords,
Or thou shalt here be reconcild to me.
*Qu.* Your highnes knowes, it lies not in my power.
*Edw.* Away then, touch me not, come *Gauestone*.
*Qu.* Villaine, tis thou that robst me of my Lord.
*Gau.* Madam, tis you that rob me of my Lord.
*Edw.* Speake not vnto her, let her droope and pine.
*Qu.* Wherein my Lord, haue I deseru'd these words?
Witnesse the teares that *Isabella* sheds,
Witnesse this heart, that sighing for thee breakes,
How deare my Lord is to poore *Isabell*.
*Edw.* And witnesse heauen how deare thou art to me.
There weepe: for till my *Gauestone* be repeald,
Assure thy selfe thou comst not in my sight.

*Exeunt Edward and Gauestone.*

*Qu.* O miserable and distressed Queene,
Would when I left sweet France and was imbarkt,
That chatming *Circes* walking on the waues,
Had chaungd my shape, or that the marriage day,
The cup of *Hymen* had beene full of poyson,
Or with those armes that twind about my neck,
I had beene stifled, and not liued to see,
The King my Lord, thus to abandon me:
Like frantick *Iuno* will I fill the earth,
With gastly murmure of my sighes and cries
For neuer doted *Ioue* on *Ganimed*,
So much as he on cursed *Gauestone*,
But that will more exasperate his wrath,

I muſt entreat him, I muſt ſpeake him faire,
And be a meanes to call home *Gaueſton*:
And yet heele euer dote on *Gaueſton*,
And ſo am I for euer miſerable,

*Enter the nobles to the Queene.*

*Lanc.* Looke where the ſiſter of the King of Fraunce,
Sits wringing of her hands, and beats her breſt.
*Warw.* The King I feare hath ill intreated hir.
*Pen.* Hard is the heart that iniures ſuch a faint.
*Mor. iu.* I know tis long of *Gaueſton* ſhe weepes.
*Mor. ſe.* Why? he is gone.
*Mor, iu.* Madam, how fares your grace?
*Qu.* Ah *Mortimer*! now breaks the Kings hate forth,
And he confeſſeth that he loues me not.
*Mor. iu.* Cry quittance Madam then, and loue not him,
*Qu.* No rather will I die a thouſand deaths,
And yet I loue in vaine, heele nere loue me.
*Lan.* Feare ye not Madame, now his minions gone,
His wanton humor will be quickly left.
*Qu.* Oh neuer Lancaſter! I am inioynde,
To ſue vnto you all for his repeale:
This wils my Lord, and this muſt I performe,
Or elſe be baniſht from his highnes preſence.
*Lan.* For his repeale, Madame, he comes not backe,
Vnleſſe the ſea caſt vp his ſhipwrackt bodie.
*War.* And to behold ſo ſweete a ſight as that,
Theres none here, but would run his horſe to death.
*Mor. iu.* But madam, would you haue vs cal him home?
*Qu.* I *Mortimer*, for till he be reſtorde,
The angry King hath baniſht me the court:
And therefore as thou loueſt and tendreſt me,
Be thou my aduocate vnto theſe Peeres.
*Mor.* What would you haue me plead for *Gaueſton*?
*Mor. ſe.* Plead for him that will, I am reſolude.
*Lan,* And ſo am I my Lord, diſwade the Queene.
*Qu.* O *Lancaſter*, let him diſwade the King,
For tis againſt my will he ſhould returne.
*War.* Then ſpeake not for him, let the peaſant go.
*Qu.* Tis for my ſelfe I ſpeake, and not for him.

*Pem.* No speaking will preuaile and therefore ceasse.
*Mor. in.* Faire Queene forbeare to angle for the fish,
Which being caught, strikes him that takes it dead,
I meane that vile *Torpedo, Gaueston*
That now I hope floates on the Irish seas.
*Qu.* Sweete *Mortimer*, sit downe by me a while,
And I will tell thee reasons of such waight,
As thou wilt soone subscribe to his repeale.
*Mor. in.* It is impossible, but speake your minde.
*Qu.* Then thus, but none shall heare it but our selues.
*Lan.* My Lords albeit the Queene winne *Mortimer*,
will you be resolute and hold with me?
*Mor. se.* Not I against my nephew.
*Pem.* Feare not, the Queenes words cannot alter him.
*War.* No, do but marke how earnestly she pleads.
*Lan.* And see how coldly his lookes make deniall.
*War.* She smiles, now for my life his minde is chang'd.
*Lan.* Ile rather loose his friendship I, then graunt.
*Mor. in.* Well of necessitie it must be so,
My Lords that I abhor base *Gaueston*,
I hope your honors make no question,
And therefore though I plead for his repeall,
Tis not for his sake, but for our auailes
Nay for the realmes behoofe and for the Kings.
*Lan.* Fie *Mortimer*, dishonour not thy selfe,
Can this be true, twas good to banish him?
And is this true, to call him home againe?
Such reasons, make white blacke, and darke night day.
*Mort. in.* My Lord of *Lancaster*, marke the respect.
*Lan.* In no respect can contraries be true.
*Qu.* Yet good my Lord, heare what he can alledge.
*War.* All that he speakes is nothing, we are resolu'd.
*Mor. in.* Do you not wish that *Gaueston* were dead?
*Pem.* I would he were.
*Mor. in.* Why then my Lord, giue me but leaue to speak.
*Mor. se.* But nephew, do not play the sophister.
*Mor. in.* This which I vrge is of a burning zeale
To mend the King, and do our country good.
Know you not *Gaueston* hath store of Gold,

Which may in Ireland purchase him such friends,
As he will front the mightiest of vs all,
And whereas he shall liue and be belou'de,
Tis hard for vs to worke his ouerthrow.
*War.* Marke you but that my Lord of Lancaster.
*Mor. in.* But were he here, detested as he is
How easily might some base slaue be suborn'd,
To greete his Lordship with a poniard,
And none so much as blame the murther,
But rather praise him for that braue attempt.
And in the Chronicle, enrowle his name,
For purging of the realme of such a plague.
*Penb.* He saith true.
*Kent.* I, but how chance this was not done before?
*Mor. in.* Because my Lords, it was not thought vpon:
Nay more, when he shall know it lies in vs,
To banish him, and then to call him home,
Twill make him vaile the topflag of his pride,
And feare to offend the meanest noble man.
*Mor. se.* But how if he do not Nephew?
*Mor. in.* Then may we with some colour rise in armes,
For howsoeuer we haue borne it out,
Tis treason to be vp against the King,
So shall we haue the people on our side,
Which for his fathers sake leane to the King,
But cannot brooke a blight growne mushrump,
Such a one as my Lord of Cornewall is,
Should beare vs downe of the nobilitie,
And when the commons and the nobles ioyne,
Tis not the King can buckler *Gaueston*.
Weele pull him from the strongest hold he hath,
My Lords, if to performe this I be slacke,
Thinke me as base a groome as *Gaueston*.
*Lan.* On that condition *Lancaster* will grant.
*Warw.* And so will *Penbrooke* and I.
*Mor. se.* And I.
*Mor. in.* In this I count me highly gratified,
And *Mortimer*, will rest at your commaund.
*Qu.* And when this fauour *Isabell* forgets,

Then

Then let her liue abandond and forlorne,
But see in happie time, my Lord the King,
Hauing brought the Earle of Cornewall on his way,
Is news returnd, this newes will glad him much,
Yet not so much as me, I loue him more
Then he can *Gaueston*, would he lou'd me
But halfe so much, then were I treble blest.

*Enter King Edward mourning?*

*Edw.* Hees gone, and for his absence thus I mourne,
Did neuer sorrow go so neere my heart,
As doth the want of my sweete *Gaueston*,
And could my crownes reuenew bring him backe,
I would freelie giue it to his enemies,
And thinke I gaind, hauing bought so deare a friend.
*Qu.* Harke how he harps vpon his minion.
*Edw.* My heart is as an anuil vnto sorrow,
Which beats vpon it like the Cyclops hammers,
And with the noise turnes vp my giddie braine,
And makes me frantick for my *Gaueston*:
Ah had some bloudlesse fury rose from hell,
And with my Kinglie scepter stroke me dead,
When I was forst to leaue my *Gaueston*.
*Lan. Diablo*, what passions call you these.
*Qu.* My gratious Lord, I come to bring you newes.
*Edw.* That you haue parled with your *Mortimer*.
*Qu.* That *Gaueston* my Lord shalbe repeald.
*Edw.* Repeald, the newes is to sweete to be true.
*Qu.* But will you loue me, if you find it so,
*Edw.* If it be so, what will not *Edward* do?
*Qu.* For *Gaueston*, but not for *Isabell*.
*Edw.* For thee faire Queene, if thou loueſt *Gaueston*,
Ile hang a golden tongue about my necke,
Seeing thou hast pleaded with so good successe.
*Qu.* No other iewels hang about my necke
Then these my Lord, nor let me haue more wealth,
Then I may fetch from this rich treasure:
O how a kisse reuiues poore *Isabell*.
*Edw.* Once more receiue my hand, and let this be,

A second mariage twixt thy selfe and me.
*Qu.* And may it proue more happie then the first,
My gentle Lord, Bespeake these nobles faire,
That wait attendance for a gracious looke,
And on their knees salute your maiesty.
*Edw.* Couragious Lancaster, imbrace thy King,
And as grosse vapours perish by the sunne,
Euen so let hatred with thy soueraignes smile,
Liue thou with me as my companion.
*Lan.* This saluation ouerioyes my heart.
*Edw.* Warwicke, shalbe my chiefest counseller:
These siluer haires will more adorne my court,
Then gaudie silkes, or rich imbrotherie,
Chide me sweete *Warwicke*, if I go astray.
*War.* Slay me my Lord, when I offend your grace.
*Edw.* In solemne triumphes, and in publicke showes,
*Pembrooke* shall beare the sword before the King.
*Pem.* And with this sword, *Pembrooke* will fight for you.
*Edw.* But wherefore walkes young *Mortimer* aside?
Be thou commander of our royall force,
Or if that lostie offit like thee not,
I make thee here Lord Marshall of the realme.
*Mor. iu.* My Lord, Ile Marshall all your enemies,
As England shalbe quiet, and you safe.
*Edw.* And as for you, Lord *Mortimer* of *Chirke*,
Whose great atchiuements in our forraine warres
Deserues no common place, nor meane reward:
Be you the Generall of the leuied troopes,
That now are ready to assaile the Scots.
*Mor. se.* In this your grace hath highly honoured me.
For with my nature warre doth best agree.
*Qu.* Now is the King of England rich and strong
Hauing the loue of his renowned Peeres.
*Edw.* I *Isabell*, neuer was my heart so light,
Clarke of the crowne, direct our warrant forth,
For *Gaueston* to Ireland: *Beamont* flye
as fast as *Iris*, or *Ioues Mercurie*.
*Beam.* It shalbe don my gratious Lord.
*Edw.* Lord *Mortimer* we leaue you to your charge:

Now

Now let vs in, and feast it royallie:
Against our friend the Earle of Cornewall comes,
Weele haue a generall tilt and turnament,
And then his mariage shalbe solemnizd,
For wote you not that I haue made him sure
Vnto our Cosin, the Earle of Glosters heire.

*Lan.* Such newes wee heare my Lord.

*Edw.* That day, if not for him, yet for my sake,
Who in triumph will be chalenger,
Spare for no cost, we will requite your loue.

*War.* In this, or ought your highnes shall command vs.

*Edw.* Thankes gentle Warwick, come lets in and reuell.

*Manet* Mortimers. *Exeunt.*

*Mor. se.* Nephue, I must to Scotland, thou staiest here,
Leaue now to oppose thy selfe against the King,
Thou seest by nature he is milde and calme,
And seeing his minde so dotes on *Gaueston*,
Let him without controlement haue his will.
The mightiest Kings haue had their minions,
Great *Alexander* loued *Ephestion*,
The conquering *Hector*, for *Hilas* wept,
And for *Patroclus* sterne *Achillis* droopt:
And not Kings onely, but the wisest men.
The Romaine *Tullie* loued *Octauius*,
Graue *Socrates*, wilde *Alcibiades*.
Then let his grace, whose youth is flexible,
And promiseth as much as we can wish,
Freely enioy that vaine light-headed Earle,
For riper yeares will weane him from such toyes.

*Mor. iu.* Vncle, his wanton humor greeues not me,
But this I scorne, that one so basely borne
Should by his soueraighes fauour grow so pert,
And riote it with the treasure of the realme,
While souldiers mutinie for want of pay.
He weares a Lords reuenew on his backe,
And *Midas* like he iets it in the court,
With base outlandish cullions at his heeles,
Whose proud fantasticke liueries make such showe,
As if that *Proteus* God of shapes appeande.

I haue not ſeene a dapper lacke ſo briske,
He weares a ſhort Italian hooded cloake,
Larded with pearle, and in his tuſcan cap
A iewell of more value then the crowne.
Whiles others walke below, the King and he
From out a window, laugh at ſuch as we,
And floute our traine, and ieſt at our Atire:
Vncle, tis this that makes me impatient.

*Mor. ſe.* But nephew, now you ſee the King is changd.

*Mor. iu.* Then ſo am I, and liue to doe him ſeruice,
But whiles I haue a ſword, a hand, a heart,
I will not yeeld to any ſuch vpſtart.
You know my minde, come vncle lets away.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Spencer and Baldwcke.*

*Bald.* *Spencer*, ſeeing that our Lord th'earle of Gloſter dead
Which of the nobles doeſt thou meane to ſerue?

*Spen.* Not *Mortimer*, nor any of his ſide,
Becauſe the King and he are enemies,
*Baldwcke*: learne rhis of me, a factious Lord
Shall hardly do himſelfe good, much leſſe vs,
But he that hath the fauour of a King,
May with one word, aduance vs while we liue:
The liberall Earle of Cornewall is the man,
On whoſe good fortune *Spencers* hope depends.

*Bald.* What, meane you then to be his follower?

*Spen.* No, his companion, for he loues me well.
And would haue once preferd me to the King.

*Bald.* But he is baniſht, theres ſmall hope of him.

*Spen.* I for a while, but *Baldwcke* marke the end,
A friend of mine told me in ſecrecie,
That hees repeald, and ſent for backe againe,
And euen now, a poaſt came from the court,
With letters to our Ladie from the King,
And as ſhe read, ſhe ſmilde, which makes me thinke,
It is about her Louer *Gaueſton*.

*Bald.* Tis like enough, for ſince he was exilde,
She neither walkes abroad, nor comes in ſight:
But I had thought the match had beene broke off,

And that his baniſhment had chang'd her minde.
*Spen.* Our Ladies firſt loue is not wauering,
My life for thine ſhe will haue *Gaueſton.*
*Bald.* Then hope I by her meanes to be preferd,
Hauing read vnto her ſince ſhe was a childe.
*Spen.* Then *Balducke*, you muſt caſt the ſcholler off,
And learne to court it like a Gentleman,
Tis not a blacke coate and a little band,
A Veluet cap'd cloake, fac'ſt before with Serge,
And ſmelling to a Noſegay all the day.
Or holding of a Napkin in your hand,
Or ſaying a long grace at a tables end,
Or making lowe legs to a noble man,
Or looking downeward, with your eye lids cloſe,
And ſaying, truely ant may pleaſe your honour,
Can get you any fauour with great men,
You muſt be proud, bolde, pleaſant, reſolute,
And now and then ſtab, as occaſion ſerues.
*Bald. Spencer* thou knoweſt I hate ſuch toyes,
And vſe them but of meere hypocriſie.
Mine old Lord whiles he liude, was ſo preciſe,
That he would take exceptions at my buttons,
And being like pins heads, blame me for the bigneſſe,
Which made me curate-like in mine attire,
Though inwardly licentious enough,
And apt for any kinde of villanie.
I am none of theſe common pedants I,
That cannot ſpeake without *propteren quod.*
*Spen.* But one of thoſe that ſaith *quandoquidem*,
And hath a ſpeciall gift to forme a verbe.
*Bald.* Leaue of this ieſting, here my Ladie comes

*Enter the Ladie.*

*Ladie.* The greefe for his exile was not ſo much,
As is the ioy of his returning home,
This letter came from my ſweete *Gaueſton*,
What needſt thou loue, thus to excuſe thy ſelfe?
I know thou couldſt not come and viſit me,
I will not long be from thee though I die.
This argues the intire loue of my Lord,

When I forſake thee, death ſeaze on my heart,
But ſtay thee here where *Gaueſton* ſhall ſleepe.
Now to the Letter of my Lord the King,
He wils me to repaire vnto the Court,
And meete my *Gaueſton*: why do I ſtay,
Seeing that he talkes thus of my mariage day?
Whoſe there, *Baldocke*?
Se that my coach be readie, I muſt hence.

*Bald.* It ſhall be done Madam. *Exit.*

*Lad.* And meete me at the parke pale preſentlie:
*Spencer*, ſtay you and beare me companie,
For I haue ioyfull newes to tell thee of,
My Lord of Cornewall is a comming ouer,
And will be at the court as ſoone as we.

*Spen.* I knew the King would haue him home againe.

*Lad.* If all things ſort out, as I hope they will,
Thy ſeruice *Spencer* ſhalbe thought vpon.

*Spen.* I humbly thanke your Ladiſhip.

*Lad.* Come leade the way, I long till I am there.

*Enter Edward, the Queene, Lancaſter, Mortimer, Warwicke, Pembrooke, Kent, attendantes.*

*Edw.* The winde is good, I wonder why he ſtayes,
I feare me he is wrackt vpon the ſea.

*Qu.* Looke *Lancaſter* how paſſionate he is,
And ſtill his minde runs on his minion.

*Lan.* My Lord.

*Edw.* How now, what newes, is *Gaueſton* arriude?

*Mor.iu.* Nothing but *Gaueſton*, what means your grace?
You haue matters of more waight to think vpon,
The King of France ſets foote in Normandie.

*Edw.* A triſle, weele expell him when we pleaſe:
But tell me *Mortimer*, whats thy deuiſe,
Againſt the ſtately triumph we decreed?

*Mor.* A homely one my Lord, not worth the telling.

*Edw.* Prey thee let me know it.

*Mor. iu.* But ſeeing you are ſo deſirous, thus it is:
A loftie Cedar tree faire flouriſhing,
On whoſe top-branches kingly Eagles pearch,
And by the barke a canker creepes me vp.

And gets vnto the higheſt bough of all,
The motto: *Æque tandem.*
*Edw.* And what is yours my Lord of *Lancaſter*?
*Lan.* My Lord, mines more obſcure then *Mortimers*.
*Plinie* reports, there is a flying Fiſh,
Which all the other fiſhes deadly hate,
And therefore being purſued, it takes the ayre:
No ſooner is it vp, but thers a fowle,
That ſeaſeth it: this fiſh my Lord I beare,
The motto this: *Vndique mors eſt.*
*Edw.* Proud *Mortimer*, vngentle *Lancaſter*,
Is this the loue you beare your ſoueraigne?
Is this the fruit your reconcilement beares?
Can you in words make ſhowe of amitie,
And in your ſhields diſplay your rancorous mindes?
What call you this but priuate libelling,
Againſt the Earle of Cornewall and my brother?
*Que.* Sweete husband be content, they all loue you.
*Edw.* They loue me not that hate my *Ganeſton*,
I am that Cedar, ſhake me not to much,
And you the Eagles, ſore ye nere ſo high,
I haue the greſſes that will pull you downe,
And *Æque tandem* ſhall that canker crie,
Vnto the prondeſt Peere of Britanie:
Though thou compar'ſt him to a flying Fiſh,
And threatneſt death whether he riſe or fall,
Tis not the hugeſt monſter of the ſea,
Nor fowleſt Harpie that ſhall ſwallow him,
*Mor. in.* If in his abſence thus he fauours him,
What will he doe when as he ſhall be preſent?
*Lan.* That ſhall we ſee, looke where his Lordſhip coms.
*Enter Ganeſton.*
*Edw.* My *Ganeſton*, welcome to *Tinmouth*, welcome to thy friend,
Thy abſence made me droope, and pine away,
For as the Louers of faire *Danae*,
When ſhe was lockt vp in a braſen Tower,
Deſirde her more, and waxt outragious,
So did it ſure with me: and now thy ſight
Is ſweeter farre, then was thy parting hence,

Bitter and irkesome to my sobbing heart.

*Gau.* Sweet Lord and King, your speech preuenteth mine
Yet haue I wordes left to expresse my ioy:
The sheepheard nipt with biting winters rage,
Frolicks not more to see the painted spring,
Then I doe to behold your Maiestie.

*Edw.* Will none of you salute my *Gaueston?*

*Lan.* Salute him? yes welcome Lord Chamberlaine.

*Mor. iu.* Welcome is the good Earle of Cornwall.

*War.* Welcome Lord gouernour of the Ile of man.

*Pen.* Welcome maister secretarie.

*Edm.* Brother do you heare them?

*Edw.* Still will these Earles and Barons vse me thus?

*Gau.* My Lord I cannot brooke these iniuries,

*Que.* Aye me poore soule when these begin to iarre.

*Edw.* Returne it to their throates, Ile be thy warrant.

*Gau.* Base Leaden Earles that glory in your birth,
Goe sit at home and eate your tenants beefe:
and come not here to scoffe at *Gaueston*,
Whose mounting thoughts did neuer creepe so low,
as to bestow a looke on such as you.

*Lan.* Yet I disdaine not to doe this for you.

*Edw.* Treason, treason: whers the traitor? (der him.

*Pen.* Here here King conuey hence *Gauestõ*, thai'l mur-

*Gaue.* The life of thee shall salue this foule disgrace.

*Mor. iu.* Villaine thy life, vnlesse I misse mine aime.

*Que.* Ah furious *Mortimer* what hast thou done?

*Mor.* No more then I would answere were he slaine.

*Edw.* Yes more then thou canst answer though he liue,
Deare shall you both abide this riotous deede:
Out of my presence, come not neare the court.

*Mor. iu.* Ile not be barde the court for *Gaueston*.

*Lan.* Weele hale him by the eares vnto the blocke.

*Edw.* Looke to your owne heads, his is sure enough.

*War.* Looke to your owne crowne, if you back him thus.

*Edm. Warwicke*, these words do ill beseeme thy years.

*Edw.* Nay all of them conspire to crosse me thus,
But if I liue, Ile tread vpon their heads,
That thinke with high lookes thus to tread me downe,

Come

Come *Edmond* lets away, and leuie men,
Tis warre that must abate these Barons pride.

*Exit the King.*

*War.* Lets to our castles, for the King is moou'de.
*Mor. iu.* Moou'de may he be, and perish in his wrath.
*Lan.* Cosin it is no dealing with him now,
He meanes to make vs stoope by force of armes,
and therefore let vs ioyntly heere protest,
To prosecute that *Ganeston* to the death.
*Mor. iu.* By heauen the abiect villaine shall not liue.
*War.* Ile haue his blood, or die in seeking it.
*Pen.* The like oath *Pembrooke* takes.
*Lan.* And so doth *Lancaster*:
Now send our Heralds to defie the King,
and make the people sweare to put him downe.

*Enter a Poast.*

*Mor. iu.* Letters from whence?
*Messen.* From Scotland my Lord.
*Lan.* Why how now cosin, how fares all our friendes?
*Mor. iu.* My vnckles taken prisoner by the Scots.
*Lan.* Weele haue him ransomd man, be of good cheere.
*Mor. iu.* They rate his ransome at fiue thousand pound,
Who should defray the money but the King,
Seeing he is taken prisoner in his warres?
Ile to the King,
*Lan.* Doe cosin, and Ile beare thee companie,
*War.* Meane time my Lord of *Pembrooke* and my selfe,
Will to New-castell heere, and gather head.
*Mor. iu.* About it then, and we will follow you.
*Lan.* Be resolute and full of secrecy.
*War.* I warrant you.
*Mor. iu.* Cosin, and if he will not ransome him,
Ile thunder such a peale into his eares,
as neuer subiect did vnto his King.
*Lan.* Content, Ile beare my part, holla whose there?
*Mor. iu.* I marrie, such a garde as this doth well.
*Lan.* Lead on the way.
*Guard.* Whither will your Lordships?
*Mor. iu.* Whither else but to the King.

*Guard.* His highnes is diſpoſde to be alone.
*Lan.* Why, ſo he may, but we will ſpeake to him.
*Guard.* You may not in my Lord.
*Mor. iu.* May we not.
*Edw.* How now, what noiſe is this?
Who haue we there, iſt you?
*Mor.* Nay, ſtay my Lord, I come to bring you newes,
Mine vncles taken priſoner by the Scots.
*Edw.* Then ranſome him.
*Lan.* Twas in your wars, you ſhould ranſome him?
*Mor. iu.* And you ſhall ranſome him, or elſe?
*Edw.* What *Mortimer*, you will not threaten him?
*Edw.* Quiet your ſelfe, you ſhall haue the broad ſeale,
To gather for him throughout the realme.
*Lan.* Your minion *Ganeſton*, hath taught you this.
*Mor. iu.* My Lord, the familie of the *Mortimers*
Are not ſo poore, but would they ſell their Land,
Twoul'd leuie men enough to anger you,
We neuer beg, but vſe ſuch praiers as theſe,
*Edw.* Shall I ſtill be haunted thus?
*Mor.* Nay, now you are heere alone, Ile ſpeak my mind.
*Lan.* And ſo will I, and then my Lord farewell.
*Mor.* The idle Triumphes, Maskes, laſciuious ſhowes
And prodigall giftes beſtowed on *Ganeſton*,
Haue drawne thy treaſurie drie, and made thee weake,
The murmuring commons ouerſtretched hath.
*Lan.* Looke for rebellion, Looke to be depoſde,
Thy gariſons are beaten out of France,
And lame, and poore, Lye groning at the gates,
The wilde *Oneyle*, with ſwarmes of Iriſh Kernes,
Liues vncontroulde within the Engliſh pale,
Vnto the walles of Yorke the Scots made rode,
And vnreſiſted, draue away rich ſpoiles.
*Mor. iu.* The hautie *Dane* commaunds the narrow ſeas,
While in the harbor ride thy ſhips vnrigd.
*Lan.* What forraine Prince ſends thee embaſſadors.
*Mor.* Who loues thee? but a ſort of flatterers.
*Lan.* Thy gentle Queene, ſole ſiſter to *Valoys*,
Complaines, that thou haſt left her all forlorne.

*Mor.* Thy court is naked, being bereft of those,
That makes a King seeme glorious to the world,
I meane the Peeres, whom thou shouldst dearly loue:
Libels are cast against thee in the streete,
Ballads and rimes, made of thy ouerthrow.
*Lanc.* The Northren borderers seeing their houses burnt
Their wiues and Children slaine, run vp and downe
Cursing the name of thee and *Gaueston*.
*Mor.* When wert thou in the field with banner spread?
But once, and then thy souldiers marcht like players,
With garish robes, not armor; and thy selfe
Bedaubd with Gold, rode laughing at the rest,
Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest,
Where womens fauours hung like labels downe.
*Lan.* And therefore came it, that the fleering Scots,
To Englands high disgrace, haue made this ligge,
Maids of England, sore may you moorne,
For your Lemmons you haue lost, at Bannocks borne,
With a heaue and a ho,
What weeneth the King of England,
So soone to haue wonne Scotland,
With a rombelow.
*Mor.* *Wigmore* shall flye, to set my vncle free. (more,
*Lan.* And when tis gone, our swords, shall purchase
If ye be moou'd reuenge it as you can. (*Nobles*
Looke next to see vs with our ensignes spred. *Exeunt*
*Edw.* My swelling heart for very anger breakes,
How oft haue I beene baited by these Peeres?
And dare not be reuengde, for their power is great:
Yet, shall the crowing of these cockerels,
Affright a Lyon? *Edward*, vnfold thy pawes.
And let their liues blood slake thy furies hunger:
If I be cruell and growe tyrannous,
Now let them thanke themselues, and rue too late.
*Kent.* My Lord, I see your loue to *Gaueston*
Will be the ruine of the realme and you,
For now the wrathfull nobles threaten warres,
And therefore brother banish him for euer.
*Edw.* Art thou an enemie to my *Gaueston*?

*Kent.* I, and it grieues me that I fauoured him.
*Edw.* Traitor be gone, whine thou with *Mortimer.*
*Kent.* So will I, rather then with *Gaueſton.*
*Edw.* Out of my ſight, and trouble me no more.
*Kent.* No maruell though thou ſcorne thy noble peers,
When I thy brother am reiected thus. *Exit.*
*Edw.* Away poore *Gaueſton*, that haſt no friend but me,
Do what they can, weele liue in *Tinmoth* here,
and ſo I walke with him about the walles,
What care I though the Earles begirt vs round,
Heere comes ſhe thats cauſe of all theſe iarres.

*Enter the Queene, Ladies 3, Balduck. and Spencer.*

*Qu.* My Lord tis thought, the Earles are vp in armes,
*Edw.* I, and tis likewiſe thought you fauor him.
*Qu.* Thus do you ſtill ſuſpect me without cauſe.
*La.* Sweete vncle ſpeake more kindly to the queene.
*Gau.* My Lord, diſemble with her, ſpeake her faire.
*Edw.* Pardon me ſweete, I forgot my ſelfe.
*Qu.* Your pardon is quickly got of *Iſabell.*
*Edw.* The yonger *Mortimer* is growne ſo braue,
That to my face he threatens ciuill warres.
*Gau.* Why do you not commit him to the Tower?
*Edw.* I dare not, for the people loue him well.
*Gaue.* Why then weele haue him priuily made away.
*Edw.* Would Lancaſter and he had both carrouſt
a bowle of poyſon to each others health:
But let them go, and tell me what are theſe.
*La.* Two of my fathers ſeruants whilſt he liu'de,
Mai't pleaſe your grace to entertaine them now.
*Edw.* Tell me, where wart thou borne?
What is thine armes?
*Bald,* My name is *Balduck* and my gentry
I fetch from Oxford, not from Heraldry.
*Edw.* The fitter art thou *Balduck* for my turne,
Waite on me, and Ile ſee thou ſhalt not want.
*Bald.* I humbly thanke your maieſtie.
*Edw.* Knoweſt thou him *Gaueſton*?
*Gaueſt.* I my Lord, his name is *Spencer*, he is wel alied,

For my ſake let him waite vpon your grace,
Scarce ſhall you finde a man of more deſart.

*Edw.* Then *Spencer* waite vpon me for his ſake,
Ile grace thee with a higher ſtile ere long.

*Spen.* No greater title happen vnto me,
Then to be fauoured of your Maieſtie.

*Edw.* Coſin, this day, ſhalbe your marriage feaſt,
And *Gaueſton*, thinke that I loue thee well,
To wed thee to our neece, the onely heire
Vnto the Earle of Gloſter late deceaſed.

*Gaue.* I know my Lord, many will ſtomacke me,
But I reſpect neither their loue nor hate.

*Edw.* The head-ſtrong Barons ſhall not limit me,
He that I liſt to fauour ſhall be great:
Come lets away, and when the mariage ends,
Haue at the rebels, and their complices.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Lancaſter, Mortimer, Warwick, Pembrooke, Kent.*

*Kent.* My Lords, of loue to this our natiue land,
I come to ioyne with you and leaue the King,
And in your quarrell and the realmes behoofe,
Will be the firſt that ſhall aduenture life.

*Lan.* I feare me you are ſent of pollicie,
To vndermine vs with a ſhowe of loue.

*Warw.* He is your brother, therefore haue we cauſe
To caſt the worſt, and doubt of your reuolt.

*Edm.* Mine honour ſhalbe hoſtage of my truth,
If that will not ſuffice, farewell my Lords.

*Mor. in.* Stay *Edmond*, neuer was Plantagenet
Falſe of his word, and therefore truſt we thee.

*Pen.* But whats the reaſon you ſhould leaue him now?

*Kent.* I haue enformd the Earle of Lancaſter.

*Lan.* And it ſufficeth: now my Lords know this,
That *Gaueſton* is ſecretly arriu'de,
And here in *Tinmoth* frolickes with the King,
Let vs with theſe our followers ſcale the walles,
And ſodainly ſurprize them vnawares.

*Mor. iu.* Ile giue the onset.
*War.* And Ile follow thee.
*Mor. iu.* This tottered ensigne of my auncestors,
which swept the desart shore of that dead sea,
Whereof we got the name of *Mortimer*,
Will I aduance vpon this castell walles,
Drums strike alarum, raise them from their sport,
And ring aloude the knell of *Gaueston*.
*Lan.* None be so hardy as touch the King,
But neither spare you *Gaueston*, nor his friends.
*Exeunt.*

*Enter the King and Spencer, to them Gaueston, &c.*

*Edw.* O tell me *Spencer* where is *Gaueston*?
*Spen.* I feare me he is slaine my gratious Lord.
*Edw.* No, here he comes, now let them spoile and kill.
Flie, flie, my Lords, the Earles haue got the holde,
Take shipping and away to Scarborough,
*Spencer* and I will post away by Land.
*Gaue.* O stay my Lord, they will not iniure you.
*Edw.* I will not trust them, *Gaueston* away.
*Gaue.* Farewell my Lord.
*Edw.* Ladie, farewell.
*La.* Farewell sweete vncle till we meete againe.
*Edw.* Farewell sweete *Gaueston*, and farewell Neece.
*Qu.* No farewell to poore *Isabell*, thy Queene?
*Edw.* Yes yes, for *Mortimer* your Louers sake.
*Exeunt omnes, manet Isabella.*
*Qu.* Heauens can witnesse, I loue none but you,
From my imbracements thus he breakes away,
O that mine armes could close this Ile about,
That I might pull him to me where I would,
Or that these teares that driffell from mine eyes,
Had power to molifie his stony heart,
That when I had him we might neuer part.
*Enter the Barrons alarums.*
*Lan.* I wonder how he scapt.
*Mor. iu.* Whose this, the Queene?
*Qu.* I *Mortimer*, the miserable Queene,

Whose

Whose pining heart her inward sighes haue blasted,
And body with continuall mourning wasted:
These hands are tir'd, with hailing of my Lord
From *Gaueston*, from wicked *Gaueston*,
And all in vaine, for when I speake him faire,
He turnes away, and smiles vpon his minion.

*Mor. in.* Cease to lament, and tell vs wheres the King?

*Qu.* What would you with the King, ist him you seeke?

*Lan.* No Madam, but that cursed *Gaueston*,
Farre be it from the thought of *Lancaster*,
To offer violence to his soueraigne,
We would but rid the realme of *Gaueston*,
Tell vs where he remaines, and he shall die.

*Qu.* Hees gone by water vnto Scarborough,
Pursue him quickly, and he cannot scape,
The King hath left him, and his traine is small.

*War.* Forslow no time, sweete Lancaster lets march.

*Mor.* How comes it, that the King and he is parted?

*Qu.* That this your armie going seuerall waies,
Might be of lesser force, and with the power
That he intendeth presentlie to raise,
Be easily suppresst: and therefore be gone.

*Mor.* Here in the Riuer rides a Flemish hoie,
Lets all aboord, and follow him amaine.

*Lan.* The wind that bears him hence, will fill our sailes,
Come, come aboord, tis but an houres sailing.

*Mor.* Madam, stay you within this Castell here.

*Qu.* No *Mortimer*, Ile to my Lord the King.

*Mor.* Nay, rather saile with vs to Scarborough.

*Qu.* You know the King is so suspitious,
As if he heare, I haue but talkt with you,
Mine honour will be cald in question,
And therefore gentle *Mortimer* be gone.

*Mor.* Madam, I cannot stay to answere you,
But thinke of *Mortimer* as he deserues.

*Qu.* So well hast thou deseru'd sweete *Mortimer*,
As *Isabell* could liue with thee for euer,
In vaine I looke for loue at *Edwards* hand,
Whose eyes are fixt on none but *Gaueston*:

Yet once more Ile importune him with prayer,
If he be strange and not regard my wordes,
My sonne and I will ouer into France,
And to the King my brother there complaine,
How *Gaueston* hath rob'd me of his loue:
But yet I hope my sorrowes will haue end,
And *Gaueston* this blessed day be slaine. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Gaueston, pursued.*

*Gaue.* Yet lustie Lords I haue escapt your hands,
Your threats, your Latams, and your hote pursutes,
And though deuorsed from King *Edwards* eyes,
Yet liueth *Pierce* of *Gaueston* vnsurprizd,
Breathing, in hope (*malgrado* al your beards,
That muster rebels thus against your King)
To see his royall soueraigne once againe.

*Enter the Nobles.*

*War.* Vpon him souldiers, take away his weapons.

*Mor. in.* Thou proud disturber of thy countryes peace,
Corrupter of thy King, cause of these broiles,
Base flatterer, yeeld, and were it not for shame,
Shame and dishonour to a souldiers name,
Vpon my weapons point here shouldst thou fall,
And welter in thy goare.

*Lan.* Monster of men, that like the Greekish strumpet
Train to armes and bloody warres,
So many valiant Knights,
Looke for no other fortune wretch then death,
King *Edward* is not heere to buckler thee.

*War.* Lancaster, why talkst thou to the slaue?
Go souldiers take him hence,
For by my sword, his head shall off:
*Gaueston*, short warning shall serue thy turne:
It is our countries cause,
That heere seuerely we will execute
Vpon thy person: hang him at a bough.

*Gaue.* My Lord.

*Warw.* Souldiers, haue him away:
But for thou wert the fauorite of a King,
Thou shalt haue so much honour at our hands.

*Gauest.*

*Gaue.* I thanke you all my Lords, then I perceiue,
That heading is one, and hanging is the other,
And death is all.

*Enter Earle of Arundell.*

*Lanc.* How now my Lord of *Arundell*?

*Arun.* My Lords, King *Edward* greetes you all by me.

*War.* *Arundell*, say your message.

*Arun.* His Maiesty hearing that you had taken *Gaueston*,
Intreateth you by me, yet but he may
See him before he dies, for why, he saies
And sends you word, he knowes that die he shall,
And if you gratifie his grace so farre,
He will be mindfull of the curtisie.

*Warw.* How now?

*Gau.* Renowned *Edward*, how thy name
Reuiues poore *Gaueston*.

*Warw.* No it needeth not,
*Arundell*, we will gratifie the King
In other matters, he must pardon vs in this,
Souldiers away with him.

*Gaueſt.* Why my Lord of *Warwicke*,
Will not these delaies beget my hopes?
I know it Lords, it is this life you aime at,
Yet grant King *Edward* this.

*Mor. iu.* Shalt thou appoint what we shall grant?
Souldiers away with him:
Thus weele gratifie the King,
Weele send his head by thee, let him bestow
His teares on that, for that is all he gets
Of *Gaueston*, or else his senceleſſe trunke.

*Lan.* Not so my Lord, least he bestow more cost
In burying him, then he hath euer earned.

*Arun.* My Lords, it is his Maiesties request,
And in the honour of a King he sweares,
He will but talke with him and send him backe.

*Warw.* When can you tell? *Arundell* no, we wot
He that hath the care of Realme remits,
And driues his Nobles to these exigents
For *Gaueston*, will if he seaze him once,

Violate any promise to possesse him.

*Arun.* Then if you will not trust his grace in keepe,
My Lords I will be pledge for his returne.

*Mor. in.* It is honorable in thee to offer this,
But for we know thou art a Noble Gentleman,
We will not wrong thee so,
To make away a true man for a kneese,

*Gaue.* How meanst thou *Mortimer?* that is ouer base.

*Mor.* Away base groome, robber of Kings renowne,
Question with thy companions and mates.

*Pen.* My Lord *Mortimer* and you my Lords each one
To gratifie the Kings request therein,
Touching the sending of this *Gaueston*,
Because his Maiesty so earnestlie
Desires to see the man before his death,
I will vpon my honour vndertake
To carrie him, and bring him back againe,
Prouided this, that you my Lord of *Arundell*
Will ioyne with me.

*War. Penbrooke*, what wilt thou do?
Cause yet more bloudshed: is it not enough
That we haue taken him, but must we now
Leaue him on had-I-wist, and let him go?

*Pen.* My Lords, I will not ouerwooe your honors,
But if you dare trust *Pembrooke* with the prisoner,
Vpon mine Oath I will returne him backe.

*Arun.* My Lord of Lancaster, what say you in this?

*Lan.* Why I say, let him go on *Pembrookes* word.

*Pen.* And you Lord *Mortimer*.

*Mor.* How say you my Lord of *Warwicke*.

*War.* Nay, do your pleasures,
I know how t will proouc.

*Pen.* Then giue him me.

*Gaue* Sweete soueraigne, yet I come
To see thee ere I die.

*War.* Yet not perhaps,
If Warw.ckes wit and policie preuaile.

*Mor. in.* My Lord of Pembrooke, we deliuer him you.
Returne him on your honor, sound away. *Exeunt:*

*Manent*

*Manent Pembrooke, Mat. Gaueſt. & Penbrookes men, foure Souldiers.*

*Pem.* My Lord, you ſhall goe with me,
My houſe is not farre hence, out of the way,
A little, but our men ſhall goe along,
We that haue pretty wenches to our wiues,
Sir, muſt not come ſo neere to balke their lips.

*Mat.* Tis very kindly ſpoke my Lord of *Pembrooke*,
Your honour hath an adament of power,
To drawe a Prince.

*Pen.* So my Lord, come hether *Iames*,
I do commit this *Gaueſton* to thee,
Be thou this night his keeper, in the morning
We will diſcharge thee of thy charge, be gon.

*Gaue.* Vnhappie *Gaueſton*, whether goeſt thou now.

*Exit cum ſeruis. Pen.*

*Horſe boy.* My Lord, weele quickly be at *Cobham*.

*Exeunt ambo.*

*Enter Gaueſton moorning, and the Earle of Pembrookes men.*

*Gaue.* O trechcrons Warwick thus to wrong thy friend
*Iames.* I ſee it is your Life theſe armes purſue.
*Gaue.* Weaponles muſt I fall and die in bandes,
O muſt this day be period of my life!
Center of my bliſſe, and yee be men,
Speede to the King.

*Enter Warwicke and his Companie.*

*War.* My Lord of *Pembrookes* men,
Striue you no longer, I will haue that *Gaueſton*.
*Iames*, Your Lordſhip doth diſhonour to your ſelfe,
And wrong our Lord, your honourable friend.

*War.* No *Iames*, it is my countries cauſe I follow,
Goe, take the villaine, ſoldiers come away,
Weele make quicke worke commend me to your maiſter
My friend, and tell him that I watcht it well,
Come let thy ſhadow parley with King *Edward*.

*Gaue.* Trecherous Earle, ſhall not I ſee the King?

*War.* The King of heauen perhaps, no other King,
Away

*Exeunt Warwicke and his men, with Gaueſt:*
*Manent Iames cum cæteris.*

Come fellowes, it booteth not for vs to ſtriue,
We will in haſt go certifie our Lord.

*Enter King Edward and Spencer, with*
*Drumes and Fifes.*

*Edw.* I long to heare an anſwere from the Barons,
Touching my friend, my deereſt *Gaueſton*,
Ah *Spencer*, not the riches of my realme
Can ranſome him, ah he is markt to die,
I know the malice of the yonger *Mortimer*,
*Warwicke* I know is rough, and *Lancaſter*
Inexorable, and I ſhall neuer ſee
My louely *Pierce* of *Gaueſton* againe,
The Barons ouerbeare me with their pride.

*Spencer.* Were I King *Edward*, Englands ſoueraigne,
Sonne to the louely *Ellenor* of Spaine,
Great *Edward Long-ſhankes* iſſue: would I beare
Theſe braues, this rage, and ſuffer vncontrolde
Theſe Barons thus to beard me in my Land,
In mine owne realme? my Lord pardon my ſpeech,
Did you retaine your fathers magnanimitie?
Did you regard the honour of your name?
You would not ſuffer thus your Maieſtie
Be counterbuſt of your Nobilitie.
Strike off their heads, and let them preach on poles,
No doubt, ſuch Leſſons they will teach the reſt,
As by their preachments they will profit much,
And learne obedience to their lawfull King.

*Edw.* Yea gentle *Spencer*, we haue beene too milde
Too kinde to them, but now haue drawne our ſword,
And if they ſend me not my *Gaueſton*,
Wee'le ſteele it on their creſt, and powle their tops.

*Bald.* This haught reſolue becomes your Maieſtie,
Not to be tied to their affection,
As though your highnes were a ſchoole-boy ſtill,
and muſt be awde and gouern'd like a Child.

*Enter* Hugh Spencer *an old man, father to the young*
Spencer, *with his trunchion and ſoldiers.*

*Spen. pa.* Long liue my soueraigne the noble *Edward*,
In peace triumphant, fortunate in warres.
*Edw.* Welcome old man, com'st thou in *Edwards* aid?
Then tell the Prince, of whence, and what thou art.
*Spen. pa.* Loe, with a band of Bowmen and of Pikes,
Browne Bils, and targetiers, 400 strong,
Sworne to defend King *Edwards* royall right,
I come in person to your Maiestie,
*Spencer*, the father of *Hugh Spencer* there,
Bound to your highnes euerlastinglie,
For fauour done in him, vnto vs all.
*Edw.* Thy father *Spencer*?
*Spen. filius.* True, and it like your grace,
That powres (in lieu of all your goodnes showne)
His life my Lord, before your princely feete.
*Edw.* Welcome ten thousand times, old man againe.
*Spencer*, this loue, this kindnes to thy King,
Argues thy noble minde and disposition:
*Spencer*, I heere create thee Earle of Wilshire,
And daily will inrich thee with our fauour,
That as the sun-shine shall reflect ore thee:
Beside, the more to manifest our loue,
Because we heare Lord *Bruse* doth sell his Land,
And that the *Mortimers* are in hand withall,
Thou shalt haue crownes of vs, to out bid the Barons:
And *Spencer*, spare them not, lay it on.
Soldiers a largis, and thrice welcome all,
*Spen.* My Lord, heere comes the Queene.

*Enter the Queene and her sonne, and Lewne a Frenchman.*

*Edw.* Madam, what newes?
*Qu.* Newes of dishonour Lord, and discontent,
Our friend *Levune*, faithfull and full of trust,
Informeth vs by letters and by wordes,
That Lord *Valois* our brother, King of France,
Because your highnes hath beene slacke in homage,
Hath seazed *Normandie* into his handes,
These be the Letters, this the messenger.
*Edw.* Welcome *Lewne*, trust vs, if this be all,

*Valoys* and I will ſoone be friends againe,
But to my *Gaueſton*: ſhall I neuer ſee,
Neuer behold thee now? Madam in this matter
We will employ you and your little ſonne,
You ſhall go parley with the King of Fraunce,
Boy, ſee you beare you brauely to the King
And doe your meſſage with a Maieſtie.

*Pri.* Commit not to my youth, things of more waight
Then fits a Prince ſo young as I to beare,
And feare not Lord and father, heauens great beames
On *Atlas* ſhoulder, ſhall not lie more ſafe,
Then ſhall your charge committed to my truſt.

*Qu.* A boy, this towardnes makes thy mother feare
Thou art not markt to manie daies on earth.

*Edm.* Madam, we will that you with ſpeed be ſhipt,
And this our ſonne *Lewen*, ſhall follow you,
With all the haſt we can diſpatch him hence,
Chooſe of our Lords to beare you companie,
And go in peace, leaue vs in warres at home.

*Qu.* Vnnaturall [illegible] where ſubiects braue their King,
God end them once. Lord I take my leaue,
To make my preparation for *France*.

*Enter Lord Matre.*

*Edw.* What Lord *Matre*, doſt thou come alone?

*Mat.* Yes my good Lord, for *Gaueſton* is dead

*Edw.* Ah traitors, haue they put my friend to death,
Tell me *Matre*, died he ere thou cam'ſt,
Or did'ſt thou ſee my friend to take his death?

*Matre.* Neither my Lord, for as he was ſurpriz'd,
Begirt with weapons, and with enemies round,
I did your highnes meſſage to them all,
Demanding him of them, entreating rather,
And ſaid, vpon the honour of my name,
That I would vndertake to carrie him
Vnto your highnes, and to bring him backe.

*Edw.* And tell me, would the rebels denie me that?

*Spen.* Proud recreants.

*Edw.* Yea *Spencer* traitors all.

*Matre.* I found them at the firſt inexorable

The Earle of *Warwicke* would not bide the hearing,
*Mortimer* hardly, *Pembrooke* and *Lancaſter*
Speake leaſt: and when they flatly had denyed,
Refuſing to receiue me pledge for him,
The Earle of *Pembrooke* mildly thus beſpake.
My Lordes, becauſe our ſoueraigne ſends for him,
And promiſeth he ſhall be ſafe returnd,
I will this vndertake, to haue him hence,
And ſee him redeliuered to your hands.
*Edw.* Well, and how fortunes that he came not?
*Spen.* Some treaſon, or ſome villanie was cauſe.
*Mat.* The Earle of *Warwick* ſeazde him on his way.
For being deliuered vnto *Pembrookes* men,
Their Lord rode home, thinking his priſoner ſafe,
But ere he came *Warwicke* in ambuſh laie,
And bare him to his death, and in a trench
Stroke off his head, and marcht vnto the campe.
*Spen.* A bloody part, flatly againſt lawe of armes.
*Edw.* O ſhall I ſpeake, or ſhall I ſigh and die!
*Spen.* My Lord, referre your vengance to the ſword,
Vpon theſe Barons, harten vp your men,
Let them not vnreuengd murther your friends.
Aduance your ſtandard *Edward* in the field,
And march to fire them from their ſtarting holes.
*Edward kneeles, and ſaith.*
By earth, the common mother of vs all,
By heauen, and all the moouing orbes thereof,
By this right hand, and by my fathers ſword,
And all the honours longing to my crowne,
I will haue heads, and liues for him as many,
As I haue manors, caſtels, townes, and towers,
Trecherous *Warwicke*, traiterous *Mortimer*:
If I be Englands King, in lakes of gore
Your headles trunkes, your bodies will I traile,
That you may drinke your fill, and quaffe in blood,
And ſtayne my royall ſtandard with the ſame,
That ſo my bloodie colours may ſuggeſt
Remembrance of reuenge immortalitie,
On your accurſed traiterous progenie:

You villaines that haue slaine my *Gaueston*,
And in this place of honour and of trust,
*Spencer*, sweete *Spencer*, I adopt thee heere,
And meerely of our Loue we do create thee
Earle of Gloster, and Lord Chamberlaine,
Despite of times, despite of enemies.

*Spen.* My Lord, heers a messenger from the Barons,
Desires accesse vnto your Maiestie.

*Edw.* Admit him neere.

*Enter the Herald from the Barons, with his coate of armes.*

*Messen.* Long liue King *Edward*, Englands lawfull Lord.

*Edw.* So wish not they Iwis that sent thee hither,
Thou com'st from *Mortimer* and his complices,
A ranker roote of rebels neuer was:
Well, say thy message.

*Messen.* The Barons vp in armes, by me salute
Your highnes, with long Life and happines,
And bid me say as plainer to your grace,
That if without effusion of bloud,
You will this griefe haue ease and remedie,
That from your Princely person you remoue
This *Spencer*, as a putrifying branch,
That deads the royall vine whose Golden leaues
Empale your princely head, your Diadem,
Whose brightnes such pernicious vpstarts dim,
Say they, and louingly aduise your grace,
To cherish vertue and Nobilitie,
And haue old seruitors in high esteeme,
And shake off smooth dissembling flatterers:
This granted, they, their honours, and their liues,
Are to your highnesse vowd and consecrate.

*Spen.* A traitors, will they still display their pride?

*Edw.* Away, tarrie no answere but be gon,
Rebels, will they appoint their soueraigne
His sports, his pleasures, and his company:
Yet ere thou goe, see how I doe deuorce *Embrace*
*Spencer* from me: now get thee to thy Lords, *Spencer.*
And tell them I will come to chastice them,

For murthering *Gaueston*: hie thee, get thee gone,
*Edward* with fire and sword, followes at thy heeles,
My Lord, perceiue you how these rebels swell:
Soldiers, good hearts, defend your soueraignes right,
For now, euen now, we march to make them stoope,
Away. *Exeunt*

*Alarums, excursions, a great Fight, and a retreate.*

*Enter the King, Spencer the father, Spencer the sonne, and the noblemen of the Kings side.*

*Edw.* Why doe we sound retreat? vpon them Lordes,
This day I shall power vengeance with my sword
On those proud rebels that are vp in armes,
And do confront and countermaund their King.

*Spen. son.* I doubt it not my Lord, right will preuaile.

*Spen. fa.* Tis not amisse my Liege for eyther part,
To breath a while, our men with sweat and dust
All chockt well neare, begin to faint for heate,
And this retire refresheth horse and man.

*Spen. son.* Heere come the rebels.

*Enter the Barons, Mortimer, Lancaster, Warwicke, Pembrooke, cum cateris.* (terers.

*Mor.* Looke *Lancaster*, yonder is *Edward* among his flat-

*Lan.* And there let him bee, till he pay deerely for their
companie.

*War.* And shall, or *Warwicks* sword shall smite in vaine;

*Edw.* What rebels, do you shrinke, and sound retreat?

*Mor.* No Edward no, thy flatterers faint and flie.

*Lan.* Th'ad best betimes forsake thee and their trains,
For theile betray thee, traitors as they are.

*Spen. son.* Traitor on thy face, rebellious *Lancaster*.

*Pen.* Away base vpstart, brau'st thou Nobles thus.

*Spen. fa.* A noble attempt, and honourable deede,
Is it not trowe ye, to assemble aide,
And leuie armes against your lawfull King.

*Edw.* For which ere long, their heades shall satisfie:
T'appease the wrath of their offended King.

*Mor.* Then Edward thou wilt fight it to the Last,
And rather bath thy sword in subiects blood

Then baniſh that pernitious companie.

*Edw.* I traitours all, rather then thus be brau'de,
Make Englands ciuill townes huge heapes of ſtones,
And plowes to goe about our pallace gates.

*War.* A deſperate and vnnaturall reſolution,
Alarum to the fight, ſaint *George* for England,
and the Barons right.

*Edw.* S. *George* for England, and King *Edwards* right.

*Enter Edward, with the Barons captiues.*

*Edw.* Now luſtie Lordes, now not by chance of warre,
But iuſtice of the quarrell and the cauſe
Vaild is your pride, me thinkes you hang the heads,
But weele aduance them Traitors, now tis time
To be auengd on you for all your braues,
And for the murther of my deereſt friend,
To whom right well you knew our ſoule was knit,
Good *Pierce* of *Gaueſton* my ſweete fauorit,
ah rebels, recreants, you made him away.

*Edm.* Brother, in regard of thee and of thy Land,
Did they remooue that flatterer from thy throne.

*Edw.* So ſir, you haue ſpoke, away, auoide our preſence,
Accurſed wretches, wast in regard of vs,
When we had ſent our meſſengers to requeſt
He might be ſpard to come to ſpeake with vs,
And *Penbrooke* vndertooke for his returne,
That thou proud *Warwicke* watcht the priſoner,
Poore *Peirce*, and headed him againſt lawe of armes,
For which thy head ſhall ouerlooke the reſt,
as much as thou in rage out went'ſt the reſt.

*War.* Tyrant, I ſcorne thy threats and menaces,
Tis but temporall that thou canſt inflict.

*Lan.* The worſt is death, and better die to liue,
Then liue in infamie vnder ſuch a King.

*Edw.* Away with them my Lord of *Wincheſter*,
Theſe luſtie Leaders Warwicke and Lancaſter,
I charge you roundly off with both their heads, away.

*War.* Farewell vaine worlde.

*Lan.* Sweete *Mortimer* farewell.

*Mor.* England vnkinde to thy Nobilitie,

Grone for this griefe, behold how thou art maimed
*Edw.* Go take that hautie *Mortimer* to the Tower,
There see him safe bestowed, and for the rest,
Do speedie execution on them all, be gon.
*Mor.* What *Mortimer*? can ragged stony walles
Immure thy vertue that aspires to heauen,
No *Edward* Englands scourge, it may not be,
*Mortimers* hope surmounts hie fortune farre.
*Edw.* Sound drums and Trumpets, march with me my friends.
*Edward* this day hath crownd him King a new *Exit.*

*Manent Spencer filius, Lewne & Baldock.*

*Spen. Lewen*, the trust that we repose in thee,
Begets the quiet of King *Edwards* Land,
Therefore be gone in hast, and with aduice,
Bestowe that Treasure on the Lords of France,
That therewith all enchaunted like the guarde,
That suffered *Ione* to passe in showers of Gold,
To *Danae*, all aide may be denied
To *Isabell* the Queene, that now in Fraunce
Makes friends, to crosse the seas with her young sonne,
And step into his fathers regiment.
*Lew.* Thats is these Barons and the subtill Queene,
Long leuied at.
*Bald.* Yea, but *Lewne* thou seest,
These Barons lay their heads on blocks together,
What they intend, the hangman frustrates cleane.
*Lew.* Haue you no doubt my Lords, Ile claps close,
Among the Lords of France with Englands Golde,
That *Isabell* shall make her plaints in vaine,
And France shall be obdurat with her teares.
*Spen.* Then make for Fraunce, amaine *Lewne* away,
Proclaime King *Edwards* warres and victories.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

*Enter Edmund.*

*Edm.* Faire blowes the winde for France, blow gentle gale,
Till *Edmund* be arriu'de for Englands good,
Nature, yeeld to my countryes cause in this.

A brother, no, a butcher of thy friends,
Proud *Edward*, dost thou baniſh me thy preſence?
But Ile to Frence, and cheere the wronged Queene,
And certifie what *Edwards* looſeneſſe is,
Vnnaturall King, to ſlaughter Noble men
And cheriſh flatterers: *Mortimer* I ſtay (deuice.
Thy ſweete eſcape, ſtand gratious gloomy night to his

*Enter Mortimer diſguiſed.*

*Mor.* Holla, who walketh there, iſt you my Lord?
*Edm. Mortimer* tis I, but hath thy potion wrought ſo happilie?
*Mor.* It hath my Lord, the warders all aſleepe,
I thanke them, gaue me leaue to paſſe in peace:
But hath your grace got ſhipping vnto Fraunce?
*Edm.* Feare it not. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Queene and her ſonne.*

*Qu.* A boy, our friends do faile vs all in Fraunce!
The Lords are cruell, and the King vnkinde,
What ſhall we goe?
*Prince.* Madam, returne to England,
And pleaſe my father well, and then a Fig
For all my vnckles friendſhip heere in Fraunce,
I warrant you, Ile winne his highnes quicklie,
A loues me better than a thouſand *Spencers*,
*Qu.* A boy, thou art deceiu'de at leaſt in this,
To thinke that we can yet be tun'd together,
No, no, we iarre too farre, vnkinde *Valoys*,
Vnhappie *Iſabell*, when France reiects,
Whether, O whether doſt thou bend thy ſteps.

*Enter Sir Iohn of Henolt.*

*S. Iohn.* Madam, what cheree?
*Qu.* A good ſir *Iohn* of *Henolt*,
Neuer ſo cheereles, nor ſo farre diſtreſt,
*S. Iohn.* I heare ſweete Lady of the Kings vnkindnes,
But droope not madam, Noble mindes contemne
Deſpaire: will your grace with me to *Henolt*?
And there ſtay times aduantage with your ſonne,
How ſay you my Lord, will you go with your friends,

And ſhake of all our fortunes equally.
*Prin.* So pleaſeth the Queene my mother, me it likes,
The King of England, nor the court of Fraunce,
Shall haue me from my gratious mothers ſide,
Till I be ſtrong enough to breake a ſtaffe,
And then haue at the proudeſt *Spencers* head.
*Sir Iohn.* Well ſaid my Lord.
*Qu.* Oh my ſweete hart, how do I mone thy wrongs?
Yet triumph in the hope of thee my ioy,
Ah ſweete Sir *Iohn*, euen to the vtmoſt verge
Of *Europe*, or the ſhore of *Tanaiſe*,
Will we with thee to *Henolt*, ſo we will,
The Marques is a noble Gentleman,
His grace I dare preſume will welcome me,
But who are theſe?

*Enter Edmond and Mortimer.*

*Edm.* Madam, long may you Liue,
Much happier then your friends in England do.
*Qu.* Lord *Edmund* and Lord *Mortimer* aliue,
Welcome to Fraunce: the newes was here my Lord,
That you were dead, or very neare your death.
*Mor. iu.* Lady, the Laſt was trueſt of the twaine,
But *Mortimer* reſerude for better hap,
Hath ſhaken off the thraldome of the Tower,
And liues to aduance your ſtandard good my Lord.
*Prin.* How meane you, and the King my father liues?
No my Lord *Mortimer*, not I, I trow.
*Qu.* Not ſonne, why not? I would it were no worſe,
But gentle Lords, friendles we are in Fraunce.
*Mor. iu.* Mounſier le Grand, a Noble friend of yours,
Told vs at our arriuall all the newes,
How hard the Nobles, how vnkinde the King
Hath ſhewed himſelfe, but Madam, right makes roome,
Where weapons want, and though a many friends,
Are made away, as *Warwick*, *Lancaſter*,
And others of our partie and faction,
Yet haue we friends, aſſure your grace in England,
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Where weapons want, and though a many friends,
Are made away, as *Warwick*, *Lancaſter*,
And others of our partie and faction,
Yet haue we friends, aſſure your grace in England,
Would caſt vp cappes, and clap their hands for ioy,
To ſee vs there appointed for our foes.

*Edm.* Would all were well, and *Edward* well reclaimd,
For Englands honor, peace, and quietnes.
*Mor.* But by the ſword, my Lord, it muſt be deſerv'd,
The King will nere forſake his flatterers.
*S. Iohn.* My Lords of England, ſith the vngentle King
Of France refuſeth to giue aide of armes,
To this diſtreſſed Queene his Siſter heere,
Go you with her to *Henolt*, doubt yee not,
We will finde comfort, mony, men, and friends,
Ere long, to bid the Engliſh King a baſe,
How ſay yong Prince, what thinke of the match?
*Prin.* I thinke King *Edward* will out-runne vs all.
*Qu.* Nay ſonne, not ſo, and you muſt not diſcourage
Your friends that are ſo forward in your aide.
*Edm.* Sir *Iohn* of *Henolt*, pardon vs I pray,
Theſe comforts that you giue our wofull Queene,
Binde vs in kindnes all at your commaund.
*Qu.* Yea gentle brother, and the God of heauen,
Proſper your happie motion good Sir *Iohn*.
*Mor.* This noble Gentleman forward in armes,
Was borne I ſee to be our anchor hold,
Sir *Iohn* of *Henolt*, be it thy renowne,
That Englands Queene, and Nobles in diſtreſſe,
Haue beene by thee reſtored and comforted.
*S. Iohn.* Madam along, and you my Lord with me,
That Englands peeres may *Henolts* welcome ſee.
*Enter the King. Matr, the two Spencers, with others.*
*Edw.* Thus after many threats of wrathfull warre,
Triumpheth Englands *Edward* with his ſtiends,
And triumph *Edward* with his friends vncontrould,
My Lord of Gloſter, do you heare the newes?
*Spen. in.* What newes my Lord?
*Edw.* Why man, they ſay there is great execution
Done through the Realme, my Lord of *Arundell*
You haue the note, haue you not?
*Mat.* From the Lieutenant of the Tower my Lord.
*Edw.* I pray let vs ſee it what haue we there?
Read it *Spencer*. *Spencer reads their names.*
Why ſo? they barkt apace not long agoe,

Now

Now on my life, theile neither barke nor bite.
Now sirs, the newes from France, Gloster I trowe,
The Lords of Fraunce loue Englands Gold so well,
As *Isabell* gets no aide from thence.
What now remaines, haue you proclaimd, my Lord,
Reward for them can bring in *Mortimer*?

*Spen. iu.* My Lord we haue, and if he be in England,
A will be had ere long I doubt it not.

*Edw.* If, dooſt thou ſay? *Spencer*, as true as death,
He is in Englands ground, our Port-Maiſters
Are not ſo careleſſe of their Kings commaund.

*Enter a Poſt.*

How now, what newes with thee; from whence come these?

*Poaſt.* Letters my Lord, and Tidings foorth of France,
To you my Lord of Gloſter from *Lewne.*

*Edward.* Reade.

*Spencer reads the Letters.*

My dutie to your honor prœmiſed, &c. I haue according to inſtructions in that behalfe, dealt with the King of Fraunce his Lords, & effected, that the Queene all diſcontented and diſcomforted, is gone, whither if you aske, with Sir *Iohn* of *Henolt*, brother to the Marqueſſe, into Flaunders: with them are gone Lorde *Edmund*, and the Lord *Mortimer*, hauing in their companie diuers of your Nation and others, and as conſtant report goeth, they intend to giue King *Edward* battell in England, ſooner then he can looke for them: this is all the newes of import.

*Your honors in all ſeruice*, Lewne.

*Edw.* A villaines, hath that *Mortimer* eſcapt?
With him is *Edmund* gone aſſociate:
And will Sir *Iohn* of *Henolt* lead the round?
Welcome a Gods name Madam and your ſonne,
England ſhall welcome you, and all your route.
Gallop apace bright *Phœbus* through the skie,
And duskie night, in ruſtie iron carre,
Betweene you both, ſhorten the time I pray,
That I may ſee that moſt deſired day.

When we may meete theſe Traitors in the field.
Ah nothing griues me but my little boye,
Is thus miſled to countenance their Ills,
Come friends to Briſtow, there to make vs ſtrong,
And winds as equall be to bring them in,
As you iniurous were to beare them forth.

*Enter the Queene, her ſonne, Edmund, Mortimer, and Sir Iohn.*

*Qu.* Now Lords, our louing friends and countrymen,
Welcome to England all with proſperous windes,
Our kindeſt friends in Belgea haue we left
To cope with friends at home: a heauie caſe,
When force to force is knit, and ſword and glaue
In ciuill broyles make kin and country men:
Slaughter themſelues in others, and their ſides
With their owne weapons goarde, but whats the helpe:
Miſgouern'd Kings are cauſe of all this wrack,
And *Edward* thou art one among them all,
Whoſe looſnes hath betrayed thy Land to ſpoyle,
And made the channell ouerflow with blood
Of thine own people; patrõ ſhouldſt thou be, but thou.
*Mor.* Nay Madam, if you be a warrior,
Ye muſt not grow ſo paſſionate in ſpeeches:
Lords, ſith that we are by ſufferance of heauen,
Arriu'd and armed in this Princes right,
Heere for our countries cauſe ſweare we to him
All homage, fealtie and forwardnes,
And for the open wrongs and iniuries
*Edward* hath done to vs, his Queene and Land,
We come in armes to wrecke it with the ſworde:
That Englands Queene in peace may repoſſeſſe
Her dignities and honours: and withall
We may remooue theſe flatterers from the King,
That hauocks Englands wealth and Treaſurie.
*S. Iohn.* Sound trupets my Lord & forward let vs martch,
*Edward* will thinke we come to flatter him.
*Edm.* I would he neuer had beene flattered more.

*Enter*

*Enter the King, Baldock, and Spencer the sonne, flying about the stage.*

*Spen.* Fly, fly, my Lord, the Queene is ouerstrong,
Her friends doe multiply, and yours doe faile,
Shape we our course to Ireland there to breath.

*Edw.* What, was I borne to fly and runne away,
And leaue the *Mortimers* conquerers behinde?
Giue me my horse and lets re'nforce our troupes:
And in this bed of honor die with fame.

*Bald.* O no my Lord, this Princely resolution
Fits not the time: away, we are pursued.

*Edmund alone with a sword and target.*

*Edm.* This way he fled, but I am come too late,
*Edward*, alas my heart relents for thee,
Proud Traytor *Mortimer* why doost thou chase
Thy lawfull King thy soueraigne, with thy sword?
Vilde wretch, and why hast thou of all vnkinde,
Borne armes against thy brother and thy King?
Raine shewers of vengeance on my cursed head
Thou God, to whom in iustice it belongs
To punish this vnnaturall reuolt:
*Edward*, this *Mortimer* aimes at thy life:
O fly him then, but *Edmund* calme this rage,
Dissemble or thou diest, for *Mortimer*
And *Isabell*, doe kisse while they conspire,
And yet she beares a face of loue forsooth:
Fie on that loue that hatcheth death and hate,
*Edmund* away, Bristow to Longshankes blood
Is false, be not found single for suspect:
Proud *Mortimer* pries neere into thy walkes.

*Enter the Queene, Mortimer, the young Prince and sir Iohn of Henalt.*

*Qu.* Successfuls battel giues the God of Kings,
To them that fight in right and feare his wrath:
Since then successfully we haue preuaild,
Thankt be heauens great architect and you,
Ere farther we proceede my noble Lords,
We here create our welbeloued sonne,
Of loue and care vnto his royall person,

Lord warden of the Realme, and ſith the fates
Haue made his father ſo infortunate,
Deale you my Lords in this, my louing Lords,
As to your wiſedomes fitteſt ſeemes in all.
*Edm.* Madam, without offence if I may aske,
How will you deale with *Edward* in his fall?
*Prin.* Tell me good vncle, what *Edward* do you meane?
*Edm.* Nephew, your father, I dare not call him King.
*Mor.* My Lord of *Kent*, what needes theſe queſtions?
Tis not in her controulment, nor in ours,
But as the Realme and Parlement ſhall pleaſe,
So ſhall your brother be diſpoſed off,
I like not this relenting moode in *Edmund*.
Madam, tis good to looke to him betimes.
*Qu.* My Lord, the Maior of Briſtow knowes our mind.
*Mor.* Yea Madam, and they ſcapt not eaſilye,
That fled the field.
*Qu.* *Baldock* is with the King,
A goodly Chauncelor, is he not my Lord?
*S. Iohn.* So are the *Spencers*, the father and the ſonne.
*Edm.* This *Edward*, is the ruine of the Realme.

*Enter Rice ap Howell, and the Maior of Briſtow, with Spencer the Father.*

*Rice.* God ſaue Queene *Iſabell*, and hir princely ſonne,
Madam, the Maior and Citizens of Briſtow
In ſigne of loue and dutie to this preſence,
Preſent by me this Traitor to the ſtate,
*Spencer*, the father to that wanton *Spencer*,
That like the Lawles *Catiline* of Rome,
Reueld in Englands wealth and Treaſurie.
*Qu.* We thanke you all.
*Mor. in.* Your louing care in this,
Deſerueth princely fauours and rewardes,
But wheres the King and the other *Spencer* fled?
*Rice.* *Spencer* the ſonne, created Earle of Glocester,
Is with that ſmooth tounge'd Scholler *Baldock* gone,
And ſhipt but late for Ireland with the King.

*Mor. iu.* Some whirlewind fetch them backe, or sinke them all:
They shall be started thence I doubt it not.
*Prin.* Shall I not see the King my father yet?
*Edm.* Vnhappies *Edward*, chast from Englands bounds.
*S. Iohn.* Madam, what resteth, why stand ye in a muse?
*Qu.* I rue my Lords ill fortune, but alas,
Care of my Country cald me to this warre.
*Mor.* Madam, haue done with eare and sad complaint,
Your King hath wrong'd your countrie and himselfe,
And we must seeke to right it as we may.
Meane while, haue hence this rebell to the blocke.
*Spen pa.* Rebell is he that fights against the Prince,
So fought not they that fought in *Edwards* right.
*Mor.* Take him away, he prates, you *Rice ap Howell*,
Shall doe good seruice to her Maiestie,
Being of countenance in your Country heere,
To follow these rebellious runagates,
We in meane while Madam, must take aduice,
How *Balducke*, *Spencer*, and their complices,
May in their fall be followed to their end.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter the Abbot, Monks, Edward, Spencer, and Baldocke.*

*Abbot.* Haue you no doubt my Lord, haue you no feare,
As silent and as carefull we will be,
To keepe your Royall person safe with vs,
Free from suspect, and fell inuasion
Of such as haue your Maiestie in chase,
Your selfe, and those your chosen companie,
As danger of this stormie time requires.
*Edw.* Father, thy face should harbour no deceit,
O had'st thou euer beene a King, thy heart
Pierst deeply with sence of my distresse,
Could not but take compassion of my state,
Stately and proud, in riches and in traine
Whilom I was, powerfull and full of pompe,
But what is he, whom rule and Emperie
Haue not in life or death made miserable?

Come *Spencer*, come *Baldocke*, come sit downe by me,
Make triall now of philosophie,
That in our famous nurseries of artes
Thou sucked'st from *Plato*, and from *Aristotle*.
Father, this life contemplatiue is heauen,
O that I might this life in quiet lead,
But we alas are chast, and you my friendes,
Your liues and my dishonour they pursue,
Yet gentle monkes, for treasure, gold nor fee,
Do you betray vs and our companie.

*Monkes*. Your grace may sit secure, if none but we doe
wot of your abode.

*Spen*. Not one aliue, but shrewdly I suspect,
A gloomie fellow in a meade below,
A gaue a long looke after vs my Lord,
And all the Land I know is vp in armes,
Armes that pursue our liues with deadly hate.

*Bald*. We were imbarkt for Ireland, wretched we,
With akward winds, and sore tempests driuen
To fall on shoare, and here to pine in feare
Of *Mortimer* and his confederates.

*Edw*. *Mortimer*, who talkes of *Mortimer*,
Who wounds me with the name of *Mortimer*
That bloody man? good father on thy lap
Lay I this head, Laden with mickle care,
O might I neuer ope these eyes againe,
Neuer againe lift vp this drooping head,
O neuer more lift vp this dying heart!

*Spen. Son*. Looke vp my Lord *Baldocke*, this drowsines
Betides no good, here euen we are betraied.

*Enter with Welchhookes, Rice ap Howell, a Mower, and the Earle of Leicester.*

*Mower*. Vpon my life, these be the men ye seeke,

*Rice*. Fellow enough, my Lord I pray be short,
A faire commission warrants what we doe.

*Lei*. The Queenes commission, vrg'de by *Mortimer*.
What cannot *Mortimer* with the Queene?
Alas, see where he sits, and hopes vnseene
T'escape their handes that seeke to reaue his life.

Too true it is, *quem dies vidit veniens ſuperbum,*
*Hunc dies vidit fugiens iacentem*
But *Leiſter* leaue to growe ſo paſſionate,
*Spencer* and *Baldwcke*, by no other names,
I arreſt you of high treaſon here,
Stand not on titles but obey th'arreſt,
Tis in the name of *Iſabell* the Queene.
My Lord, why droope you thus?
*Edw.* O day! the laſt of all my bliſſe on earth,
Center of all miſſortune. O my ſtarres!
Why do you lowre vnkindly on a King?
Came *Leiſter* then in *Iſabellas* name,
To take my life, my companie from me?
Heere man rip vp this panting breaſt of mine,
And take my heart, in reskew of my friends.
*Rice.* Away with them.
*Spen. iu.* It may become thee yet,
To let vs take our farewell of his grace.
*Abb.* My heart with pittie earnes to ſee this ſight,
A King to beare theſe wordes and proud commaundes.
*Edw. Spencer*, ah ſweet *Spencer*, thus then muſt we part,
*Spen. iu.* We muſt my Lord, ſo will the angry heauens.
*Edw.* Nay ſo will hell and cruell *Mortimer:*
The gentle heauens haue not to doe in this.
*Bald.* My Lord, it is in vaine to greeue or ſtorme,
Heere humblie of your grace we take our leaues,
Our lots are caſt, I feare me ſo is thine,
*Edw*, In heauen we may, in earth neuer ſhall we meete,
And *Leiſter* ſay, what ſhall become of vs?
*Leiſt.* Your maieſtie muſt goe to Killingworth.
*Edw.* Muſt! tis ſomewhat hard, when Kings muſt go.
*Leiſt.* Here is a Litter ready for your Grace,
That waites your pleaſure, and the day growes olde.
*Rice.* As good be gone, as ſtay and be benighted.
*Edw.* A litter haſt thou, Lay me on a hearſe,
And to the gates of hell conuey me hence,
Let *Plutos* bels ring out my fatall knell,
And hags howle for my death at *Charons* ſhore,
For friends hath *Edward* none, but theſe, and theſe,

And theſe muſt die vnder a tyrants ſword.

*Rice.* My Lord, be going, care not for theſe,
For we ſhall ſee them ſhorter by the heads.

*Edw.* Well, that ſhalbe, ſhalbe: part we muſt,
Sweete *Spencer*, gentle *Baldacke*, part we muſt,
Hence fained weedes, vnfained are my woes,
Father, farewell: *Leiſter* thou ſtaiſt for me,
And go I muſt, Life, farewell with my friendes.

*Exeunt Edward and Lancaſter.*

*Spen*, O is he gone! is noble *Edward* gone,
Parted from hence, neuer to ſee vs more,
Rent ſphere of heauen, and fier forſake thy Orbe,
Earth melt to ayre, gone is my ſoueraigne,
Gone, gone alas, neuer to make returne.

*Bald. Spencer*, I ſee our ſoules are fleeting hence,
We are depriu'de the ſun-ſhine of our life,
Make for a new life man, throw vp thy eyes,
And heart and hand to heauens immortall throne,
Pay natures debt with cheereſull countenance,
Reduce we all our Leſſons vnto this
To die, ſweete *Spencer*, therefore liue we all,
*Spencer*, all liue to die, and riſe to fall.

*Ricce.* Come, come, keepe theſe preachments till you come to the place appointed.
You, & ſuch as you are, haue made wiſe work in England.
Will your Lordſhips away?

*Mower.* Your Lordſhip I truſt will remember me?

*Rice.* Remember thee fellow? what elſe
Follow me to the towne.

*Enter the King, Leiceſter, with a Biſhop for the crowne.*

*Lei.* Be patient good my Lord, ceaſe to lament,
Imagine Killingworth Caſtell were your Court:
And that you lay for pleaſure here a ſpace,
Not of compulſion or neceſſitie.

*Edw.* Leiſter, if gentle wordes might comfort me:
Thy ſpeeches long agoe had eaſde my ſorrowes
For kinde & louing haſt thou alwaies beene:
The greeſes of priuate men areſoone allayde

But not of Kings, the forrest Deare being ſtricke
Runnes to an hearbe that cloſeth vp the woundes,
But when the imperiall Lions flesh is gorde,
He rends, and teares it with his wrathfull pawe,
Highly ſcorning, that the lowly earth
Should drinke his bloud, mounts vp to the ayre:
And ſo it fares with me, whoſe dauntleſſe minde
The ambitious *Mortimer* would ſeeke to curbe,
And that vnnaturall Queene falſe *Iſabell*,
That thus hath pent and mu'd me in a priſon,
For ſuch outragious paſſions cloy my ſoule,
As with the wings of rancour and diſdaine,
Full oft am I ſoaring vp to heauen,
To plaine me to the Gods againſt them both;
But when I call to minde I am a King,
Me thinkes I ſhould reuenge me of my wrongs,
That *Mortimer* and *Iſabell* haue done,
But what are Kings, when regiment is gone,
But perfect ſhadowes in a ſun-ſhine day?
My Nobles rule, I beare the name of King,
I weare the crowne, but am contrould by them,
By *Mortimer*, and my vnconſtant Queene,
Who ſpots my nuptiall bed with infamie,
Whilſt I am lodg'd within this caue of care,
Where ſorrow at my elbow ſtill attends,
To company my heart with ſad laments,
That bleedes within me for this ſtrange exchange.
But tell me, muſt I now reſigne my crowne,
To make vſurping *Mortimer* a King?

*Biſh.* Your grace miſtakes, it is for Englands good,
And princely *Edwards* right we craue the crowne.

*Edw.* No, tis for *Mortimer*, not *Edwards* head,
For hees a Lambe, encompaſſed by Wolues,
Which in a moment will abridge his life:
But if proud *Mortimer* doe weare this crowne,
Heauens turne it to a blaze of quenchleſſe fire,
Or like the ſnakie wreath of *Tiſiphon*,
Engirt the Temples of his hatefull head,
So ſhall not Englands vines be periſhed,

But *Edwards* name ſuruies, though *Edward* dies.

*Leiſt.* My Lord, why waſt you thus the time away,
They ſtay your anſwere, will you yeeld your crowne?

*Edw.* Ah *Leiſter*, waigh how hardly I can brooke
To looſe my crowne and Kingdome with out cauſe,
To giue ambitious *Mortimer* my right,
That like a mountaine ouerwhelmes my bliſſe,
In which extreams my minde heere murthered is:
But that the heauens appoint, I muſt obey.
Here take my crowne, the life of *Edward* too,
Two Kings in England cannot raigne at once:
But ſtay a while, let me be King till night,
That I may gaze vpon this glittering crowne,
So ſhall my eyes receiue their laſt content,
My head, the lateſt honour dew to it,
And ioyntly both yeeld vp their wiſhed right.
Continue euer thou celeſtiall Sunne,
Let neuer ſilent night poſſeſſe this clime,
Stand ſtill you watches of the Element,
All times and ſeaſons reſt you at a ſtay,
That *Edward* may be ſtill faire Englands King:
But daies bright beame doth vaniſh faſt away,
And needs I muſt reſigne my wiſhed crowne.
Inhumaine creatures, nurſt with Tigers milke,
Why gape you for your ſouereignes ouerthrow?
My Diadem I meane, and guiltleſſe life,
See monſters ſee, I'le weare my crowne againe
What, feare you not the furie of your King?
But hapleſſe *Edward* thou art fondly led,
They paſſe not for thy frownes as late they did,
But ſeekes to make a new elected King,
Which fils my minde with ſtrange deſpairing thoughts,
Which thoughts are matyred with endleſſe torments.
And in this torment, comfort finde I none,
But that I feele the crowne vpon my head,
And therefore let me weare it yet a while.

*Tru.* My Lord, the Parliament muſt haue preſent newes,
And therefore ſay, will you reſigne or no?

*The King rageth.*

*Edw.* Ile not resigne, not whilst I liue,
Traitours be gone, and ioyne you with *Mortimer*,
Elect, conspire, instal, doe what you will,
Their bloud and yours shall seale these Trecheries.
*Bish.* This answere weele return me, and so farewell.
*Leist.* Call them againe my Lord, and speake them faire,
For if they goe, the Prince shall loose his right.
*Edw.* Call thou them backe, I haue no power to speake,
*Lei.* My Lord, the King is willing to resigne,
*Bish.* If he be not, let him chuse.
*Edw.* O would I might, but heauens & earth conspire
To make me miserable: heere receiue my crowne,
Receiue it? no, these innocent hands of mine
Shall not be guiltie of so foule a crime,
He of you all that most desires my bloud,
And will be call'd the murtherer of a King,
Take it: what are you mou'de, pittie you me?
Then send for vnrelenting *Mortimer*
And *Isabell*, whose eyes being turn'd to steele,
Will sooner sparkle fire then shed a teare:
Yet stay, for rather then I will looke on them,
Heere, heere: now sweete God of heauen,
Make me despise this transitorie pompe,
And sit for aye inthronized in heauen,
Come death, and with thy fingers close my eyes,
Or if I liue, let me forget my selfe.

*Enter Bartley.*

*Bartley.* My Lord.
*Edw.* Call me not Lorde,
Away, out of my sight, ah pardon me,
Greefe makes me Lunaticke,
Let not that *Mortimer* protect my sonne,
More safetie there is in a Tigers iawes:
Then his imbracements: beare this to the Queene,
Wet with my teares, and dried againe with sighes,
If with the sight thereof, shee be not mooued,
Returne it backe and dip it in my bloud,
Commend me to my sonne, and bid him rule
Better then I, yet how haue I transgrest,

Vnleſſe it be with too much clemencie?

*Tru.* And thus, moſt humbly doe we take our leaue.

*Edw.* Farewell, I know the next newes that they bring,
Will be my death, and welcome ſhall it be,
To wretched men death is felicitie.

*Leiſt.* Another Poaſt, what newes brings he?

*Edw.* Such newes as I expect, come *Bartley* come,
And tell thy meſſage to my naked breſt.

*Bart,* My Lord, thinke not a thought ſo villanous
Can harbour in a man of noble birth.
To do your highnes ſeruice and deuoire,
And ſaue you from your foes, *Bartley* would die,

*Leiſt.* My Lord, the counſell & the Queene commands,
That I reſigne my charge.

*Edw.* And who muſt keepe me now, muſt you my Lord?

*Bart.* I, my moſt gratious Lord, ſo is decreede.

*Edw.* By *Mortimer*, whoſe name is written here,
Well may I rent his name, that rends my heart,
This poore reuenge hath ſomething eaſde my minde,
So may his Limmes be torne, as is this paper,
Here me immortall *Ioue*, and grant it too.

*Bar.* Your grace muſt hence with me to *Bartley* ſtraight.

*Edw.* Whither you will, all places are alike,
And euery earth is fit for buriall.

*Leiſt.* Fauour him my Lord, as much as lieth in you.

*Bart.* Euen ſo betide my ſoule as I vſe him.

*Edw.* My enemie hath pitied my eſtate,
And thats the cauſe that I am now remooude.

*Bart.* And thinks your grace that *Bartley* will be cruell?

*Edw.* I know not, but of this am I aſſured,
That death ends all, and I can die but once,
*Leiceſter*, farewell.

*Leiſt.* Not yet my Lord, Ile beare you on your way.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Mortimer, and Queene Iſabell.*

*Mor. in.* Faire *Iſabell*, now haue we our deſire,
The proud corrupters of the light-braind King,

Haue done their homage to the loftie gallowes,
And he himſelfe lies in captiuitie,
Be rulde by me, and we will rule the Realme,
In any caſe take heede of childiſh feare,
For now we hold an old Wolfe by the eare,
That if he ſlip will ſeaze vpon vs both,
And gripe the ſorer being gript himſelfe.
Thinke therefore Madam that imports vs much,
To erect your ſoune withall the ſpeede we may,
And that I be protector ouer him,
For our behooſe, twill beare the greater ſway,
When as a Kings name ſhalbe vnder writ.

*Qu.* Sweete *Mortimer*, the life of *Iſabell*,
Be thou perſwaded, that I loue thee well,
And therefore ſo the Prince my ſonne be ſafe,
Whom I eſteeme as deare as theſe mine eyes,
Conclude againſt his father what thou wilt,
And I my ſelfe will willingly ſubſcribe.

*Mor. iu.* Firſt would I heare newes he were depoſde,
And then let me alone to handle him.

*Enter Meſſenger.*

*Mor. iu.* Letters from whence?

*Meſſen.* From Killingworth my Lord.

*Qu.* How fares my Lord the King?

*Meſſen.* In health Madam, but full of penſiuenes.

*Qu.* Alas poore ſoule, would I could eaſe his greefe,
Thanks gentle Wincheſter, ſirra be gone.

*Win.* The King hath willingly reſignde his crowne.

*Qu.* O happie newes, ſend for the Prince my ſonne.

*Biſh.* Further, or this letter was ſealed, Lord *Bartley* came,
So that he now is gone from Killingworth,
And we haue heard that *Edmund* laid a plot,
To ſet his brother free, no more but ſo,
The Lord of *Bartley* is ſo pitifull,
As *Leiceſter* that had charge of him before.

*Qu.* Then let ſome other be his Guardian.

*Mor. iu.* Let me alone, here is the priuie Seale,

Whose there, call hither *Gurney* and *Matreuis*,
To dash the heauie headed *Edmonds* drift,
*Bartley* shalbe discharged, the King remooued,
And none but we shall know where he lieth.
*Qu.* But *Mortimer*, as long as he suruies
What safetie rests for vs, or for my sonne?
*Mor. in.* Speake, shall he presentlie be dispatch'd & die?
*Qu.* I would he were, so it were not by my meanes.

*Enter Matreuis and Gurney.*

*Mor. in.* Inough *Matreuis*, write a Letter presently
Vnto the Lord of *Bartley* from our selfe,
That he resigne the King to thee and *Gurney*,
And when tis done, we will subscribe our name.
*Mat.* It shall be done my Lord.
*Mor. in. Gurney.*
*Gur.* My Lord.
*Mor. in.* As thou intendest to rise by *Mortimer*,
Who now makes Fortunes wheele turne as he please,
Seeke all the meanes thou canst to make him droope,
And neither giue him kinde word nor good looke.
*Gur.* I warrant you my Lord.
*Mor. in.* And this aboue the rest, because we heare
That *Edmund* casts to worke his libertie,
Remooue him still from place to place by night,
Till at the last, he come to Killingworth,
And then from thence to *Bartley* backe againe:
And by the way to make him fret the more,
Speake curstly to him, and in any case
Let no man comfort him, If he chaunce to weepe,
But amplifie his greefe with bitter words.
*Matr.* Feare not my Lord, weele do as you commaund,
*Mor. in.* So now away, post thither wards amaine.
*Qu.* Whether goes this Letter, to my Lord the King?
Commend me humbly to his Maiestie,
And tell him, that I labuur all in vaine,
To ease his greefe, and worke his Libertie:
And beare him this, as witnesse of my loue,
*Mat.* I will Madam,



*Exeunt.*

*Exeunt Matreuis and Gurney.*
*Manent Isabell and Mortimer.*

*Enter the young Prince, and the Earle of Kent talking with him.*

*Mor. iu.* Finely dissembled, do so still sweete Queene,
Here comes the young Prince, with the Earle of *Kent.*
*Qu.* Some thing he whispers in his childish eares.
*Mor. iu.* If he haue such accesse vnto the Prince,
Our plots and stratagems will soone be dasht.
*Qu.* Vse *Edmund* friendly, as if all were well.
*Mor. iu.* How fares my honorable Lord of Kent?
*Edm.* In health sweete *Mortimer*, how fares your grace?
*Qu.* Well, if my Lord your brother were enlargde.
*Edm.* I heare of late he hath deposde himselfe.
*Que.* The more my greefe.
*Mrr. iu.* And mine,
*Edm.* Ah they do dissemble.
*Qu.* Sweete sonne come hither, I must talke with thee.
*Mor. iu.* You being his vncle, and the next of bloud,
Do looke to be protecter ouer the Prince.
*Edm.* Not I my Lord: who should protect the sonne,
But she that gaue him life, I meane the Queene?
*Prin.* Mother, perswade me not to weare the crowne,
Let him be King, I am to young to raigne.
*Qu.* But bee content, seeing it is his highnes pleasure.
*Prin.* Let me but see him first, and then I will.
*Edm.* I do sweete Nephew.
*Qu.* Brother, you know it is impossible.
*Prin.* Why is he dead?
*Qu.* No, God forbid.
*Edm.* I would those wordes proceeded from your heart.
*Mor. iu.* Inconstant *Edmund* doest thou fauor him,
That wast a cause of his imprisonment?
*Edm.* The more cause haue I now to make amends.
*Mor. iu.* I tell thee tis not meet, that one so false
Should come about the person of a Prince,

My Lord, he hath betrayd the King his brother,
And therefore truſt him not.

*Prin.* But he repents, and ſorrowes for it now.

*Qu.* Come ſonne, and go with this gentle Lord & me.

*Prin.* With you I will, but not with *Mortimer*.

*Mor.* Why yongling, s'dainſt thou ſo of *Mortimer*?
Then I will carrie thee by force away.

*Prin.* Help vncle *Kent*, *Mortimer* will wrong me.

*Qu.* Brother *Edmund*, ſtriue not, we are his friends,
*Iſabell* is neerer then the Earle of *Kent*.

*Edm.* Siſter, *Edward* is my charge, redeme him.

*Qu.* *Edward* is my ſonne, and I will keepe him.

*Edm.* *Mortimer* ſhall know that he hath wrongde me.
Hence will I haſt to Killingworth Caſtle,
And reſcue aged *Edward* from his foes,
To be reuengde on *Mortimer* and thee.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Matreuis and Gurney with the King.*

*Mat.* My Lord, be not penſiue, we are your friends,
Men are ordainde to liue in miſery,
Therefore come, dalliance dangereth our liues.

*Edw.* Friends, whether muſt vnhappie *Edward* go,
Will hatefull *Mortimer* appoint no reſt?
Muſt I be vexed like the nightly birde,
Whoſe ſight is loathſome to all winged fowles?
When will the furie of his minde aſſwage?
When will his heart be ſatisfied with bloud?
If mine will ſerue, vnbowell ſtraight this breſt,
And giue my heart to *Iſabell* and him,
It is the chieſeſt marke they leuell at.

*Gur.* Not ſo my liege, the Queene hath giuen this charge,
To keepe your grace in ſafety,
Your paſſions make your dolours to increaſe.

*Edw.* This vſage makes my miſerie increaſe,
But can my ayre of life continue long,
When all my ſences are annoyde with ſtenche?

Within a dungeon Englands King is kept,
Where I am ſteru'd for want of ſuſtenance,
My daily diet, is heart breaking ſobs,
That almoſt rents the cloſet of my heart,
Thus liues old *Edward* not releeu'd by any,
And ſo muſt die, though pittied by many.
O water gentle friends to coole my thirſt,
And cleare my bodie from ſoule excrements.
*Matr.* Heer's channell water, as our charge is giuen,
Sit downe, for weele be barbars to your grace.
*Edw.* Traitors away, what will you murther me,
Or choake your ſoueraigne with puddle water?
*Gur.* No, but waſh your face, and ſhaue away your beard,
Leaſt you be knowne, and ſo be reſcued.
*Matr.* Why ſtriue you thus, your labour is in vaine?
*Edw.* The wren may ſtriue againſt the Lions ſtrength,
But all in vaine, ſo vainly do I ſtriue,
To ſeeke for mercie at a Tyrants hand.

*They waſh him with puddle water, and ſhaue his beard away.*

Immortall powers, that knowes the painfull cares,
That waites vpon my poore diſtreſſed ſoule,
O leuell all your lookes vpon theſe daring men,
That wrongs their liege & ſoueraigne, Englands King,
O *Gaueſton*, it is for thee that I am wrongde,
For me, both thou and both the *Spencers* died,
And for your ſakes, a thouſand wrongs Ile take,
The *Spencers* ghoſtes, where euer they remaine,
Wiſh well to mine, then tuſh, for them Ile die.
*Matr.* Twixt theirs and yours, ſhall be no enmitie,
Come, come, away, now put the Torches out,
Weele enter in by darknes to Killingworth.

*Enter Edmund.*

*Gur.* How now, who comes there?
*Matr.* Guard the King ſure, it is the Earle of Kent,
*Edw.* O gentle brother, helpe to reſcue me.
*Matr.* Keepe them a ſunder, thruſt in the King.

*Edm.* Souldiers, let me but talke to him one word.

*Gur.* Lay hands vpon the Earle for his assault.

*Edm.* Lay downe your weapons, traitors yeelde the King.

*Mat. Edmund*, yeelde thou thy selfe, or thou shalt die.

*Edm.* Base villaines, wherefore do you gripe me thus?

*Gur.* Binde him, and so conuey him to the court.

*Edm.* Where is the court but heere, here is the King.
And I will visit him, why stay you me?

*Matr.* The court is where Lord *Mortimer* remaines,
Thether shall your honour go, and so farewell.

*Exeunt Matreuis and Gurney, with the King.*
*Manent Edmund and the souldiers.*

*Edm.* O Miserable is that common weale, where Lords
Keepe courts and Kings are lockt in Prison!

*Sould.* Wherefore stay we? on sirs to the Court.

*Edm.* I, lead me whether you will, euen to my death,
Seeing that my brother cannot be releast.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Mortimer alone.*

*Mor. iu.* The King must die or *Mortimer* goes downe,
The commons now begin to pittie him,
Yet he that is the cause of *Edwards* death,
Is sure to pay for it when his sonne is of age,
And therefore will I do it cunningly,
This letter written by a friend of ours,
Containes his death, yet bids them saue his life,
*Edwardum occidere nolite timere bonum est.*
Feare not to kil the King, tis good he die;
But read it thus, and thats another sence:
*Edwardum occidere nolite timere bonum est.*
Kill not the King, tis good to feare the worst.
Vnpointed as it is, thus shall it goe,
That being dead, if it chaunce to be found,
*Matreuis* and the rest may beare the blame,

And we be quit, that cauſde it to be done:
Within this roome is lockt the Meſſenger,
That ſhall conuey it, and performe the reſt,
And by a ſecret token that he beares,
Shall he be murdered when the deede is done.
*Lightborn*, come forth, art thou ſo reſolute as thou waſt?
*Light*. What elſe my Lord? and farre more reſolute.
*Mor. in*. And haſt thou caſt how to accompliſh it?
*Light*. I, I, and none ſhall know which way he died.
*Mor. in*. But at his lookes *Lightborne* thou wilt relent.
*Light*. Relent, ha, ha, I vſe much to relent.
*Mor. in*. Well, doe it bravely, and be ſecret.
*Light*. You ſhall not neede to giue inſtructions,
Tis not the firſt time I haue killd a man,
I learn'd in Naples how to poyſon flowers,
To ſtrangle with a Lawne thruſt downe the throate,
To pierce the wind-pipe with a needles point,
Or whilſt one is aſleepe, to take a quill
And blowe a little powder in his eares,
Or open his mouth, and powre quick-ſiluer downe,
But yet I haue a brauer way then theſe.
*Mor*. Whats that?
*Light*. Nay, you ſhall pardon me, none ſhall know my (trickes.
*Mor*. I care not how it is, ſo it be not ſpide,
Deliuer this to *Gurney* and *Matrenis*,
At euery ten mile end, thou haſt a horſe.
Take this, away, and neuer ſee me more.
*Light*. No?
*Mor*. No, vnleſſe thou bring me newes of *Edwards* death.
*Light*. That will I quickly doe, farewell my Lord.
*Mor*. The prince I rule, the Queene do I commaund,
And with a lowly conge to the ground,
The proudeſt Lords ſalute me as I paſſe,
I ſeale, I cancell, I doe what I will,
Feard am I more then lou'd, let me be feard:
And when I frowne, make all the court looke pale.
I view the Prince with *Ariſtarcus* eyes,
Whoſe lookes were as a breeching to a boye,
They thruſt vpon me the Protectorſhip,

And sue to me for that, that I desire,
While at the counsell Table, graue enough,
And not vnlike a bashfull puretaine,
First I complaine of imbecillitie,
Saying it is, *onus quam grauissimum*,
Till being interrupted by my friends.
*suscepi* that *prouinciam* as they tearme it,
And to conclude, I am protector now,
Now is all sure, the Queene and *Mortimer*
Shall rule the realme, the King, and none rules vs.
Mine enemies will I plague, my friends aduance,
And what I list commaund, who dare controwle,
*Maior sum quàm cui possit fortuna nocere*,
And that this be the coronation day,
It pleaseth me, and *Isabell* the Queene,
The trumpets sound, I must go take my place.

*Enter the young King, Bishop, Champion, Nobles, Queene.*

*Bish.* Long liue King *Edward*: by the grace of God,
King of England, and Lord of Ireland.
*Cham.* If any Christian, Heathen, Turke, or Iew,
Dares but affirme, that *Edwards* not true King,
And will auouch his saying with the sworde,
I am the Champion that will combate him?
*Mor. iu.* None comes, sound Trumpets.
*King.* Champion, heeres to thee.
*Qu.* Lord *Mortimer*, now take him to your charge.

*Enter Souldiers with the Earle of Kent prisoner.*

*Mor.* What traitor haue we there with blades & billes?
*Sould. Edmund* the Earle of Kent.
*King.* What hath he done?
*Sould.* A would haue taken the King away perforce,
As we were bringing him to Killingworth.
*Mor. iu.* Did you attempt his rescue, *Edmund* speake?

*Edm. Mortimer*, I did, he is our King,
And thou compelst this Prince to weare the crowne.
*Mor. iu.* Strike off his head, he shall haue Marshall law.
*Edm.* Strike off my head, base Traitour I defie thee.
*King.* My Lord, he is my Vncle and shall liue.
*Mor. iu.* My Lord, he is your enemie, and shall die.
*Edm.* Stay villaines.
*King.* Sweete mother, if I cannot pardon him,
Intreate my Lord Protector for his life.
*Qu.* Sonne, be content, I dare not speake a word.
*King.* Nor I, and yet me thiukes I should commaund,
But seeing I cannot, Ile intreat for him:
My Lord, if you will let my vncle liue,
I will requite it when I come to age.
*Mor. iu.* Tis for your highnes good, and for the realmes.
How often shall I bid you beare him hence?
*Edm.* Art thou a King, must I die at thy commaund?
*Mor. iu.* At our commaund, once more away with him.
*Edm.* Let me but stay and speake, I will not go,
Either my brother or his sonne is King,
And none of both, then thirst for *Edmonds* bloud.
And therefore soldiers whether will you hale me?

*They hale Edmond away, and carry him to be beheaded.*

*King.* What safety may I looke for at his handes,
If that my Vnckle shall be murthered thus?
*Queen.* Feare not sweete boy, Ile guarde thee from thy foes,
Had *Edmund* liu'de, he would haue sought thy death,
Come sonne, weele ride a hunting in the Parke.
*King.* And shall my Vnckle *Edmond* ride with vs?
*Queen.* He is a Traitor, thinke not on him, come.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Matr. and Gurney.*

*Matr. Gurney*, I wonder the King dies not,
Being in a vault vp to the knees in water,
To which the channels of the Bastell runne,

From whence a dampe continually ariſeth,
That were enough to poyſon any man,
Much more a King brought vp ſo tenderly.
*Gur.* And ſo do I, *Matreuis*: yeſternight
I opened but the doore to throw him meate,
And I was almoſt ſtifeled with the ſauour.
*Matr.* He hath a bodie able to endure
More then we can enflict, and therefore now,
Let vs aſſaile his minde another while.
*Gurn.* Send for him out thence, and I will anger him.
*Matr.* But ſtay, whoſe this?

*Enter Lightborne.*

*Light.* My Lord protector greetes you.
*Gurn.* Whats heere? I know not how to conſtrue it.
*Matr. Gurney*, It was left vnpointed for the nonce,
*Edwardum occidere nolite timere*,
Thats his meaning.
*Light.* Know you this token, I muſt haue the King?
*Matr.* I, ſtay a while, thou ſhalt haue anſwere ſtraight,
This villain's ſent to make away the King.
*Gurney.* I thought as much.
*Matr.* And when the murder's done,
See how he muſt be handled for his labour,
*Pereat iſte*: let him haue the King,
What elſe, heer's the keyes, this is the Lake,
Doe as you are commaunded by my Lord.
*Light.* I know what I muſt doe, get you away,
Yet be not farre off, I ſhall neede your helpe,
See that in the next roome I haue a fier,
And get me a ſpit and let it be red hote.
*Matre.* Very well,
*Gurn.* Neede you any thing beſides?
*Light.* What elſe, a table and a fetherbed.
*Gurn.* Thats all,
*Light.* I, I, ſo when I call you, bring it in.
*Matre.* Feare not thou that.
*Gurn.* Heers a light to go into the dungeon.
*Light.* So now muſt I about this geare, neare was
there any

So finely handled as this King ſhalbe,
Foh, heeres a place in deed with all my heart.
*Edw.* Whoſe there, what light is that, wherefore
com'ſt thou?
*Light.* To comfort you, and bring you ioyfull newes.
*Edw.* Small comfort findes poore *Edward* in thy
lookes,
Villaine, I know thou com'ſt to murther me.
*Light.* To murther you my moſt gratious Lord,
Farre is it from my heart to do you harme,
The Queene ſent me, to ſee how you were vſed,
For ſhe relents at this your miſerie.
And what eyes can refraine from ſhedding teares,
To ſee a King, in this moſt pitious ſtate?
*Edw.* Weep'ſt thou alreadie, liſt a while to me,
And then thy heart, were it as *Gurneys* is,
Or as *Matrevis*, hewne from the *Caucaſus*,
Yet will it melt, ere I haue done my tale.
This dungeon where they keepe me, is the ſinke
Wherein the filth of all the Caſtell falles.
*Light.* O villaines!
*Edw.* And there in mire and puddle haue I ſtood,
This ten daies ſpace, and leaſt that I ſhould ſleepe,
One plaies continually vpon a Drum,
They giue me bread and water being a King,
So that for want of ſleepe and ſuſtenance,
My mindes diſtempered, and my bodie's numde,
And whether I haue Limmes or no I know not,
O would my bloud dropt out from euery vaine,
As doth this water from my tattered robes:
Tell *Iſabell* the Queene, I lookt not thus,
When for her ſake I ran at tilt in France,
And there vnhorſt the Duke of *Cleremont*.
*Light.* O ſpeake no more my Lord, this breaks my heart,
Lie on this bed and reſt your ſelfe a while.
*Edw.* Theſe looks of thine can harbor nought but death,
I ſee my Tragedy written in thy browes,
Yet ſtay a while, forbeare thy bloudie hand,
And let me ſee the ſtroke before it comes,

That and euen then when I ſhall looſe my life,
My minde may be more ſtedfaſt on my God.
*Light*. What meanes your highnes to miſtruſt me thus?
*Edw*. What meanes thou to diſſemble with me thus?
*Light*. Theſe hands were neuer ſtainde with innocent
bloud,
Nor ſhall they now be tainted with a Kings.
*Edward*. Forgiue my thought, for hauing ſuch a
thought,
One iewell haue I left, receiue thou this,
Still feare I, and I know not whats the cauſe,
But euery ioynte ſhakes as I giue it thee:
O, if thou harborſt murther in thy heart,
Let this gift change thy minde, and ſaue thy ſoule,
Know that I am a King, oh at that name,
I feele a hell of greefe, where is my crowne?
Gone, gone, and doe I remaine?
*Light*. You'r ouerwacht my Lord, lie downe and reſt.
*Edw*. But that greefe keepes me waking, I ſhould ſleepe
For not theſe ten daies haue theſe eies lids cloſde,
Now as I ſpeake they fall, and yet with feare
Open againe, O wherefore ſits thou heere?
*Light*. If you miſtruſt me, Ile be gone my Lord.
*Edw*. No, no, for if thou meanſt to murther me,
Thou wilt returne againe, and therefore ſtay.
*Light*. He ſleepes.
*Edw*. O let me not die, yet ſtay, O ſtay a while.
*Light*. How now my Lord.
*Edw*. Some thing ſtill buſſeth in mine eares,
And tels me if I ſleepe I neuer wake,
This feare is that which makes me tremble thus,
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?
*Light*. To rid thee of thy life, *Matreuis* come,
*Edw*. I am too weake and feeble to reſiſt,
Aſſiſt me ſweet God, and receiue my ſoule.
*Light*. Runne for the Table.
*Edw*. O ſpare me, or diſpatch me in a trice.
*Light*. So, lay the Table downe, and ſtampe on it,
But not too hard, leaſt that you bruſe his bodie.

*Matr.* I feare me that this cry will raise the towne,
And therefore let vs take horse and away.
*Light.* Tell me sirs, was it not bravely done?
*Gurn.* Excellent well, take this for thy reward.
*Then Gurney stabs Lightborne.*
Come let vs cast the bodie in the mote,
And beare the Kings to *Mortimer* our Lord, away.
*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Mortimer and Matrevis.*

*Mor. iu.* Ist done, *Matrevis*, and the murtherer dead?
*Matr.* I my good Lord, I would it were vndone.
*Mor. iu. Matrevis*, if thou growest penitent
Ile be thy ghostly father, therefore choose
Whether thou wilt be secret in this,
Or else die by the hand of *Mortimer*.
*Matr. Gurney*, my Lord is fled, and will I feare
Betray vs both, therefore let me flie.
*Mor. iu.* Flie to the Sauages.
*Matr.* I humblie thanke your honour.
*Mor. iu.* As for my selfe, I stand as *Ioues* huge tree,
And others are but shrubs compard to me,
All tremble at my name, and I feare none,
Lets see who dare impeach me for his death?
*Enter the Queene.*
*Queen.* A *Mortimer*, the King my sonne hath newes,
His father's dead, and we haue murdered him.
*Mor. iu.* What if he haue? the King is yet a Child.
*Que.* I, I, but he teares his haire, and wrings his hands,
And vowes to be reuengd vpon vs both,
Into the Councell Chamber he is gone,
To craue the aide and succour of his Peeres,
Aye me, see where he comes, and they with him,
Now *Mortimer* begins out Tragedie.

*Enter the King, with the Lords.*
*Lords.* Feare not my Lord, know that you are a King.
*King.* Villaine,

*Mor. in.* How now my Lord?

*King.* Thinke not that I am frighted with thy words,
My father's murdered through thy Treacherie,
And thou shalt die, and on his mournefull hearse,
Thy hatefull and accursed head shall lie,
To witnesse to the world, that by thy meanes
His Kingly bodie was too soone interde.

*Queen.* Weepe not sweete sonne.

*King.* Forbid not me to weepe, he was my father,
And had you lou'de him halfe so well as I,
You could not beare his death thus patiently,
But you I feare, conspirde with *Mortimer*.

*Lords.* Why speake you not vnto my Lord the King?

*Mor. in.* Because I thinke scorne to be accusde,
Who is the man dares say I murthered him?

*King.* Traitour, in me my Louing father speakes,
And plainely saith, t'was thou that murdredst him.

*Mor. in.* But hath your grace no other proofe then this?

*King.* Yes if this be the hand of *Mortimer*.

*Mor. in.* False *Gurney* hath betraid me and himselfe.

*Queen.* I feard as much, murther cannot be hid.

*Mor. in.* Tis my hand, what gather you by this.

*King.* That thither thou didst send a murtherer.

*Mor. in.* What murtherer? bring forth the man I sent.

*King.* A *Mortimer*, thou knowest that he is slaine,
And so shalt thou be too: why staies he heere?
Bring him vnto a hurdle, drag him foorth,
Hang him I say, and set his quarters vp,
But bring his head backe presently to me.

*Queen.* For my sake sweete sonne pittie *Mortimer*.

*Mor. in.* Madam, intreat not, I will rather die,
Then sue for life vnto a paltrie boy.

*King.* Hence with the Traitor, with the murderer.

*Mor. in.* Base fortune, now I see, that in thy wheele
There is a point, to which when men aspire,
They tumble hedlong downe, that point I toucht,
And seeing there was no place to mount vp higher,
Why should I greeue at my declining fall,
Farewell faire Queene, weepe not for *Mortimer*,

That ſcornes the world, and as a Traueller
Goes to diſcouer countries yet vnknowne.
*King.* What, ſuffer you the Traitor to delay?
*Qu.* As thou receiuedſt thy life from me,
Spill not the bloud of gentle *Mortimer*.
*King.* This argues, that you ſpilt my Fathers bloud,
Els would you not intreat for *Mortimer*.
*Qu.* I ſpill his bloud?
*King.* I madam you, for ſo the rumor runnes.
*Qu.* That rumor is vntrue, for louing thee,
Is this report raiſde on poore *Iſabell*.
*King.* I doe not thinke her ſo vnnaturall.
*Lords.* My Lord, I feare me it will prooue too true.
*King.* Mother, you are ſuſpected for his death,
And therefore we commit you to the Tower,
Till further triall be made thereof,
If you be guiltie, though I be your ſonne,
Thinke not to finde me ſlacke or pitifull.
*Qu.* Nay, to my death, for too long haue I liued,
When as my ſonne, thinks to abridge my dayes.
*King.* Away with her, her words inforce theſe teares,
And I ſhall pittie her if ſhe ſpeake againe.
*Qu.* Shall I not mourne for my beloued Lord?
And with the reſt accompanie him to the graue.
*Lords.* Thus Madam, tis the Kings will you ſhall hence.
*Qu.* He hath forgotten me, ſtay, I am his Mother.
*Lords.* That bootes not, therefore gentle Madam go.
*Qu.* Then come ſweete death, & rid me of this
*Lords.* My Lord, heere is the head of *Mor*
*King.* Go fetch my fathers hearſe, where
And bring my funerall robes. Accurſed
Could I haue rulde thee then, as I d
Thou hadſt not hatcht this mon
Heere comes the hearſe, h
Sweete father heere, v
I offer vp this wic
And let theſe
Be witneſſe